

# THE SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

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### The Church and Governments

*By* HILAIRE BELLOC

### Criminals with Machine Guns

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# THE POPE SPEAKS

**E**XERCISING his office as Christ's Vicar, Supreme Shepherd and Teacher, Pius XI has addressed the flock committed to his care in his great Encyclical on Chaste Wedlock. Space allows us to make but the briefest survey of this important document:

**Divine Origin of Marriage:** It is an immutable doctrine that matrimony was instituted by God, and renewed by Our Lord, Jesus Christ. The laws made to strengthen and elevate matrimony were made by the Author of Nature and by the Redeemer of the World. Hence these laws cannot be subject to any human decrees nor to any contrary pact even by the married couple themselves.

**The Blessings of Marriage** are: First, Offspring; second, Conjugal Faith; third, the Sacrament which holds the husband and wife together.

**Chaste Wedlock:** Conjugal honor demands that husband and wife be joined in an especially holy and pure love, not as adulterers love each other—on the lust of the moment—but as Christ loved the Church.

**Nature of the Family:** The family is a body in which the man is the head and woman is the heart. As he occupies the chief place in ruling, so she may and ought to claim for herself the chief place in love.

**Marriage a Perpetual Bond:** Even in the case of a non-sacramental marriage, if it be a valid marriage, there must remain and there does remain a perpetual bond which by Divine law is so bound up with matrimony that it is not subject to any civil power.

**Hateful Abominations:** "Temporary," "Experimental," and "Companionate" marriages are detestable alliances which offer all the indulgences of matrimony without, however, any of its responsibilities.

**Birth Control:** Since the conjugal act is primarily intended by nature for the begetting of children, those who deliberately frustrate its purpose commit a deed which is shameful and intrinsically vicious. Onan did this and the Lord killed him for it.

**Abortion:** Whether death through medicine or operation be brought upon the mother or the unborn child, it is against the precept of God and the law of nature: "Thou Shalt Not Kill." The life of each is equally sacred, and no one has the power, not even the public authority, to destroy it.

**Eugenics:** "Public authorities have no direct power over the bodies of their subjects. Therefore, where no crime has taken place and there is no cause for grave punishment, they can never directly harm, or tamper with, the integrity of the body either for the reasons advanced by the eugenists or for any other reasons."

**Limits of State Authority:** The civil powers cannot arrogate to themselves the right to prevent from entering marriage those who, despite the fact that they are in every respect capable of marriage, may beget only defective children, even though they use all care and diligence.

**False Ideas of Freedom:** The rigid attitude which condemns all sensual affection in a married person for a third party must not be looked upon as a narrowing of heart and mind or as an obsolete stand-

ard of morality. Whatever human custom may be, the command of God still stands: "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery." And Christ's words are still in force: "Whosoever shall look on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart."

**Divorce:** The advocates of the New Paganism seem to have learned nothing from the past, but continue by legislation to attack the indissolubility of the marriage bond, proclaiming that the lawfulness of divorce must be recognized and that antiquated law should give way to a new and, what they regard, a more humane legislation. Whatever the reasons they advance, these new pagans forget that divorce, which is born of perverted morals, leads to vicious habits in public and private life, and is particularly opposed to the well being of the family and the State.

**Mixed Marriages:** The attitude of the Church to mixed marriages may be summed up in the words of the Canon Law: "Everywhere and with the greatest strictness the Church forbids marriages between baptized persons, one of whom is a Catholic and the other a member of a schismatical or heretical sect, and if there be added to this the danger of the falling away of the Catholic party and the perversion of the children, such a marriage is forbidden also by the Divine Law."

**State Aid:** In the State such economic and social methods should be set up as will enable every head of a family to earn as much as, according to his station in life, is necessary for himself, his wife, and for the rearing of his children. To deny this or to make light of what is equitable is a grave injustice; nor is it lawful to fix such a scanty wage as will be insufficient for the upkeep of the family in the circumstances in which it is placed. The prosperity of the State and the temporal happiness of its citizens cannot remain secure if the foundation on which they rest—the moral order—is weakened by the vices of its citizens.

Finally, All Catholics should be on their guard against the insidious doctrine of false teachers, and, "denying ungodliness and worldly desires, they should live soberly and justly and godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the great God and Our Savior, Jesus Christ."

**D**AILY it is becoming more evident that the fiercest battles of the Church must be waged on the ground, not of dogma, but of morals. The time is past when the foundations of morality were attacked by only a handful of atheists and libertines. At the present the enemies of Christian decency, particularly as set forth in the sanctity of marriage, are found in the ranks of playwrights, novelists, purveyors of amusement, social philosophers and even ministers of religion. Catholics can be readily influenced by the thought of these new pagans and should, therefore, be all the more insistent on heeding the warning words of Christ's Vicar.

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*



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## Current Fact and Comment

### *The Encyclical*

AMERICAN Catholics owe a special vote of thanks to the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. It was chiefly owing to the Department's activities that the official English translation of the Encyclical on Chaste Wedlock was received here in full on the appearance of the original Latin text in Rome. It was due also to the activities of the Press Department that the Encyclical received a wider publicity in the secular press than was ever accorded to any other Encyclical. The Encyclical was featured because of its news value. Catholic editors have frequently complained, and justly, that in the past they have been dependent on the news agencies for the text of Papal pronouncements, that the text is hardly ever complete, and that frequently it is garbled. Now that the N. C. W. C. Press Department has shown what it can do, it is to be hoped that just as prompt and wide publicity, with equal accuracy of statement, will be given to future letters from the Holy Father.

Non-Catholic comment on the Encyclical has naturally been more or less favorable. The plain man's view is expressed by Will Rogers: "When you read what he (the Pope) says you don't have to start wondering or ask your neighbor what he meant; he says what he meant." Could the same have been said of the recent statement made by the Lambeth Conference? Episcopalians are still disputing what their bishops meant in that statement. Even though the translation of the Encyclical is wretchedly poor, the Pope's meaning is clear.

A cordial commendation of the Encyclical comes from Rabbi Abram Simon: "It is heartening that the Pope, the most powerful religious head in the world, spoke out in the problems that beset marriage today. The Jewish religion must speak with equal force on this matter."

"To some social reformers," says the New York Times, "the Encyclical may seem depressing in its denial that their efforts are rightly directed. But the Catholic Church does not address itself to one age or one century. It endeavors to look at the world and the unfolding civilization *sub specie aeternitatis* (from the viewpoint of eternity). And even enthusiastic eugenists must admit the possibility that in a hundred years or more their theories will have been proved inadequate, so that then more plausibility and force may be seen in the views expressed today by the Holy See of Rome."

"The Encyclical," says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, "sums up those teachings and those experiences con-

cerning marriage and the home that have so powerfully influenced Western civilization for centuries.

"It is a stern challenge also to many dangerous theories that have grown up around the so-called 'new freedom' of this generation. Most of these are intended to undermine and finally destroy the institution of marriage as it now exists. In recent years the world has heard too much of Lindseyism and Bertrand Russellism. It has been urged to throw aside the old conventionalism and remake the relationship of human society. The fact that Western civilization rests upon the home and its relationships, has been too often ignored. The old ideals have too often been forgotten."

The greater part of the unfavorable criticism was based on the contention that the Encyclical was old-fashioned and did not meet present-day conditions. Well, the Pope would be the very last to claim that he intended to set forth a new moral code. It is simply because the principles of morality are as ancient as the immutable law of God that the Pope again stresses them and would have the world harken to them.

### *The Wickersham Report*

TO the majority of its readers the Wickersham report on Prohibition presents two evident difficulties.

The first is the report itself. It is the result of some twenty months of investigation and research of eleven distinguished citizens who were aided by technical experts and assistants. That seven of the committee have recommended modification of the Eighteenth Amendment is clear from their own words over their own signature. Yet the summary of the report contradicts both the contents of the report itself and the statements of a majority of its signers.

The second difficulty arises from what many publicists declare is nothing short of trickery by which the summary dishonestly summarized the report. Quite naturally, these publicists suspect that by influence from above the Commission was obliged to deny the logical conclusions of their own findings. We are loath to think that the President himself interfered in the making of the summary. Yet his whole action in the matter of the commission is almost inexplicable. In his speech of acceptance on August 28, 1928, he spoke of the Prohibition "abuses which must be remedied," and stated that "an organized searching investigation of facts and causes can alone determine the wise method of correct-

ing them." In his inaugural address on March 4, 1920, he was still more explicit:

"I propose to appoint a national commission for a searching investigation of the whole structure of our Federal system of jurisprudence, to include the method of enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and the causes of abuse under it. Its purpose will be to make such recommendations for reorganization of the administration of Federal laws and court procedure as may be found desirable."

The commission was appointed, it was President Hoover's commission, it was made up of a body of citizens whom he regarded as morally and intellectually honest, it worked hard for nearly two years, it handed in the report of its findings, and—promptly Mr. Hoover repudiated it. He was not, of course, obliged to accept the committee's findings nor to form his judgment by their conclusions, but, one may ask in amazement, if this was to be his frame of mind, why did he ever appoint the committee? It is true that in his message, accompanying the report to Congress, he states: "The commission, by a large majority, does not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment as a method of cure for the inherent abuses of the liquor traffic." But it is clear from the report itself that a majority of the committee not only favored a virtual repeal of the Amendment but actually proposed the very method of repealing.

To make the report cost the sum of a half-million dollars. That would have gone a long way in helping the Red Cross to get the ten millions it needs for drought relief. It seems to have been a sheer waste of good money. It apparently has brought us nothing but a new word, discovered by the New York *World*:

WICKERSHAM: To say yes and mean no.

Example: "I was just wickershamming."

For the entertainment of our classical readers we also quote this from the same astute journal:

Res, says Mr. Wickersham of the report, *ipsa loquitur*.  
*Loquitur, George, sed quid inferno dicere vult?*

## A Great Jew Passes

THE name Nathan is derived from the Hebrew and means "to give." It was appropriately the given name of a great Jew who recently died—Nathan Straus. At an early age he began the habit of giving. Apart from the almost uncountable number of private acts of charity, his name will live as that of the man who in 1893, when New York was filled with homeless, workless and shelterless men, undertook the first systematic relief for the unemployed. He assisted over 64,000 men by opening lodging houses and giving them bed and breakfast for five cents. In 1903 he established a Preventorium in Lakewood, N. J., for children in danger of tuberculosis from their environment. This work has gone on uninterruptedly and many institutions have copied its methods. Especially will Nathan Straus be remembered for his charities in connection with the pasteurization of milk by which the lives of hundreds of thousands of children have been saved. The first infant milk depot in America was founded by him in 1893. The work grew so fast that in a short time over 2,000 babies were fed on the Straus modified milk

every day. In all his charity he was guided by this principle:

*Money given in health is gold;  
Money given in sickness is silver;  
Money given after death is lead.*

He had learned from his own experience that it is more blessed to give than to receive. He himself said:

"When a man in his will leaves money for charitable purposes, he cannot tell how that money will be applied; if he waits before giving, until he is old and sick and disabled, the joy of giving is largely lost; but if, while strong and well and clear-minded, he devotes large sums of money to people and to organizations that he knows to be good, he then has the satisfaction of seeing his money doing its best work, and in addition he has the highest and purest happiness known to man."

Although Nathan Straus saw in his long career many instances of ingratitude, evil, and treachery on the part of men and women, he never lost faith in humanity. His example might well serve as an inspiration for our well-to-do Catholics.

## China's Honor List for 1930

OUR particular interest in the Church in China prompts us to bring to the attention of our readers the heroic page that was written in the blood and sufferings of some of the missionaries laboring there during the tragic days of 1930. Our record, of course, is not complete, but from the information available we know that the following missionaries were taken by bandits or Reds at various times during the past year. Some of these missionaries are still prisoners:

Fr. J. Linehan (Irish), Hanyang, Hupeh.  
Fr. P. Laffan (Irish), Hanyang, Hupeh.  
Fr. Avita, S.J. (Spanish), Wuhu, Anhwei.  
Fr. Hidalgo, S.J. (Spanish), Wuhu, Anhwei.  
Two Fathers (German), Mission of Scheut Fathers.  
Fr. Barbato (Italian), Kian, Kiangsi.  
Fr. Capozzi (Italian), Kian, Kiangsi.  
Fr. Purino (Italian), Kian, Kiangsi.  
Fr. Thieffry (French), Kian, Kiangsi.  
Fr. Von Arx (German), Kian, Kiangsi.  
Fr. Lou (Chinese), Kian, Kiangsi.  
Eight Fathers (Chinese), Kian, Kiangsi.  
Fr. Mazzoli (Italian), Kulupa, Shensi.  
Fr. Filia (Italian), Kulupa, Shensi.  
Fr. Tchang (Chinese), Kulupa, Shensi.  
Fr. Fernandez (Spanish), Anfu, Hunan.  
Fr. Tierney (Irish), Kienchang, Kiangsi.  
Fr. Icasaro, O.S.A. (Spanish), Changteh, Hunan.  
Fr. Leopoldo, O.S.A. (Spanish), Changteh, Hunan.  
18 Augustinian Fathers missing.

The following missionaries were also taken. Some were released after a longer or shorter period of captivity; others were brutally treated; and some were put to death:

Msgr. Mignani (Italian), Kian, Kiangsi.  
Fr. Crocq, M.E.P. (French), Nanning, Kwangsi.  
Fr. Caysac, M.E.P. (French), Nanning, Kwangsi.  
Fr. Barriere, M.E.P. (French), Nanning, Kwangsi.  
Fr. C. King, S.V.D. (Amer.), Sienyangchow, Honan.  
Fr. Herrera, S.J. (Spanish), Wuhu, Anhwei.  
Fr. Brugnetti, P.I.M.E. (Italian), Nanyang, Honan.

Fr. Waguette, M.E.P. (Fr.), Swatow, Kwangtung.  
 Fr. Ankenbrandt (Dutch), Kweiyang, Koochow.  
 Fr. Baumeister (German), Wuchang, Hupeh.  
 Fr. Baima (Italian), Changsha, Hunan.  
 Fr. De Jenlis (French), Kian, Kiangsi.  
 One Father (German), Mission of the Scheut Fathers.  
 Fr. Che (Chinese), Laohokow, Hupeh.  
 Sr. Marie Leport (French), Kian, Kiangsi.  
 Sr. Augustine Merle (French), Kian, Kiangsi.  
 Sr. Vincent Ramos (Filipino), Kian, Kiangsi.  
 Sr. Rogoni (Italian), Kian, Kiangsi.  
 Sr. Larnichant (French), Kian, Kiangsi.  
 Four Other Sisters (Chinese), Kian, Kiangsi.  
 Msgr. Soggiu (Italian), Hingsan, S. Shensi.  
 Fr. Novelli (Italian), Hingsan, S. Shensi.  
 Fr. Luciano (Italian), Hingsan, S. Shensi.  
 The last three were killed by Chinese Reds.

Unfortunately, there are some good Catholics who will question the wisdom of sending priests and nuns to China when they read such a list of persecuted missionaries. These Catholics forget, however, that bandits, desperados, Reds and war lords do not make up the entire population of China; that the Chinese people, as a body, are not inimical to the Church; that amongst the most convinced, sincere and devout Catholics in the world are to be found converted Chinese men and women. They forget, too, that, apart from the wonderful results the missionaries are achieving in foreign missions, the Cross must be evident in every great work undertaken for God and souls. The history of the Church in general, the lives of the founders of religious orders, the story of every successful enterprise for Christ, are all branded with the strong marks of His Sacred Passion.

## The Protestant Confessional

**T**HE REV. Moses Lovell is the founder of the Life Adjustment Center in Washington. This is a Protestant Confessional and claims to be a unique and successful experiment. It was begun in 1928, and is today assisted by leading Washington psychiatrists, physicians, and persons of financial and social standing.

"In our work which began little more than two years ago we have attempted to minister to the individual and intimate problems of modern men and women," the founder of the new confessional explained. "A confession, no matter who makes it or what it imports, should be followed by a 'cure' or some measures taken to unburden the mind of the confessor."

We have no doubt that the center is doing great good to its clients; but their very needs are just another proof of how the original confessional—the Sacrament of Penance—was no human invention but the institution of One Who knows the wants of the human heart and conscience. Isn't it a strange comment on the failure of Protestantism that so many of its leaders are being forced by such sciences as psychiatry and psychology to find substitutes for the very things in the Catholic Church which the original Protestants threw away? The thing to be remembered, however, is that substitutes at best are still substitutes and that the Protestant confessional, for instance, can never fully make up for the lack of the Sacrament of Penance. Advice, comfort and consolation are very well in their place, but they can never mean the peace and courage that sacramental absolution means to the Catholic.

## The Skeptic in Our Service

**I**t is always pleasant to salute the enemy, doubly pleasant when it is in recognition of service rendered, trebly so, perhaps, when the enemy is not disposed to accept the acknowledgment or admit the service.

The Skeptic of today, for example, is not by any means disposed to admit service to the cause of Catholicism, to which, if we may believe him, he is rather contemptuously indifferent. Yet the Skeptic has of late been doing yeoman service to the Church and proving beyond cavil the truth of the saying that the Church's only fear is ignorance.

This service has been largely in the field of history and it is because his very indifference has taken him out of the category of counsel for the opposition, that it is so valuable.

History, as it was written by non-Catholics up to about the opening of the present century, was largely a matter of special pleading of a kind that found no difficulty in swallowing the camel of falsification. The Protestant historian has commonly swallowed a whole caravan of such camels without so much as a gulp and often, be it admitted, quite without knowing it, merely in accepting the stories of "Reformation" and "pre-Reformation" times as told by earlier authors who had to find justification for their crimes against the Church.

But today the Protestant is turning into the Agnostic whose skepticism is quite as skeptical of the Protestant as of the Catholic version of history and who, discrediting both and impartially indifferent, seeks the facts in original records. The result has naturally been that the case for the Church has, by a sort of poetic justice, been greatly strengthened by his testimony. Hence the salute.

Now and then, however, those who are unaware of this new supporting evidence fly into print with statements that leave one gaping. What, for example, shall we say of the remark that "medievalism and divine right had died slowly under the Tudors and the Stuarts?"

Medievalism and divine right! This is Protestant special pleading at the top of its bent. It is a tissue of such amazing contradictions as to form a perfect monstrosity of ineptitude. Yet the thing was said seriously in a review of "England's Greatest Statesman," by E. Keble Chatterton appearing in so staid a journal as the *New York Times*.

The course of English history was greatly complicated by the unfortunate death of Oliver Cromwell just as James I was ascending the throne. Slavery would not have ceased to flourish in these United States but for the fact that the cause of American independence had slowly died under Washington and Jefferson.

These statements may be considered somewhat wild, not to say inaccurate but they are not a whit more so than that above quoted. Did medievalism die slowly under the Tudors and the Stuarts? Why, no; it was slain at three strokes by the break with Rome, the destruction of the guilds and the seizure of the monasteries. Did divine right also die in the same circumstances? Not unless it died before it was born. For divine right, so far from being a product of the medieval synthesis, was the substitute offered implicitly by the heretical Tudors and explicitly by the Protestant Stuarts, for the assassinated loyalty to God.

May we not hope that our unwilling allies, the Agnostics, will inquire into this matter, too?



# CATEGORICA: *On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation*

Edited by N. M. LAW

## AT CANDLEMAS

**J**OAN BARTON contributes this charming poem on the Feast of Our Lady of Purification (February 2) to a recent issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*:

O Mary, ringed in endless light,  
I give thee now this taper bright.

O Mary see, I pray, midst all  
Thy host of stars, my candle small;

That when, alone in winter night,  
My little child shall wake in fright,

O then, dear Mary, grant I pray  
One gift her childish fears to stay.

Give but one flame whose little light  
Shall all her dragons put to flight,

Spare but one light whose slender flame  
Shall her small room from darkness claim,

And build for her a shallow ark  
Against the terrors of the dark.

O Blessed Maid, give back, from all  
Thy host of stars, one candle small.

## OUR WONDERFUL LANGUAGE

**I**N the London *Morning Post* Leonard Inkster describes the struggles of a Frenchman learning English:

"If," I said to the Frenchman, "you add 'ly' to a word you turn it into an adverb. Thus, you may say, 'The young lady has pretty hair,' and again, 'The young lady does her hair prettily.'"

"Both your statements," said the Frenchman, with a pen-sive air, "are pleasant and true."

"You understand," I went on severely, "pretty is an adjective, prettily is an adverb. The adjective goes with the noun—pretty hair; the adverb with a verb. You do not say, 'The young lady has prettily hair,' but—to be quite correct—'The young lady does prettily her hair,' or, as we put it, 'does her hair prettily.' You understand?"

"Pretty fair," said the Frenchman. "But yet I heard a man say of the young lady of whom I think that she has lovely hair. And indeed, my friend, so charmante, so—so glorious, so—lovelee—May I not then say she has lovely hair?"

"That," I answered, "is different. I should perhaps have said that if you add 'ly' to an adjective you turn it into an adverb."

"Now take an adjective——"

"Pretty," said he.

"Now you can modify that by an adverb. You may say 'She is moderately pretty.'"

"My friend, how cold!"

"... or 'fairly pretty.' You will note I do not say 'fair pretty.' I might say 'fair and pretty,' but, indeed, that would not mean the same thing."

"A thousand pardons," said he. "A minute ago I said I understand you 'pretty fair.' I should have said 'prettily fair,' is it not? I am stupid."

"Not at all," I replied, "that is different. In English we say 'pretty fair,' but 'fairly pretty.' The words mean quite different things. Then again, if you said, 'the young lady has fair pretty hair,' you would mean one thing. If you said she has fairly pretty hair you would be meaning another thing. And if you said she had pretty fair hair you would be meaning probably something quite different from what you would mean if you said she had prettily fair hair."

"Mon Dieu!" said the Frenchman with reverence.

"Let me be fair," I concluded, "for indeed I wish to earn my fee fairly, and indeed, while I hope I have expressed myself pretty fairly, or, as I might say, fairly well, I admit it is not all quite simple."

"You may say your young lady has lovely fair hair, or that her hair is lovely, or that she has fairly lovely hair, or fair lovely hair, but not lovely fairly hair, or that she does it lovelily."

"You see, fair sometimes means one thing, sometimes another. You might say she has lovely fair pretty hair, but hardly pretty fair lovely hair or fairly pretty lovely hair. Pretty lovely fair hair is just possible but niggling."

"And, finally, 'She does her fair hair prettily' and 'She does her pretty hair fairly' mean two quite different things. I hope I am clear."

"I have heard," said the Frenchman, "one may say to another, 'it's a fair knockout.'"

## TWO APPALLING TRAGEDIES

**F**ROM *The North China Herald* of Hankow we learn of two ghastly acts of savage cruelty:

A story is set out prominently in the Chinese daily papers which is very terrible, but which one's experience of village life makes credible. In a village within five miles of Hankow there lived a young man of 30 with his wife, the home being shared by the husband's brother who was a widower. The husband discovered that illicit relations existed between his brother and his wife. One evening last week when the man was sleeping, cotton wool was stuffed into his mouth, and his brother and his wife after a struggle with him tied up his hands and his feet. They then drove needles into his temples and other vulnerable places. Before he lost consciousness the victim began to scream and neighbors rushed in and discovered what was afoot. The brother and the wife were tied up and when the man died a pit was dug and the two of them were buried alive in it. The whole village then united in giving an elaborate funeral to the dead man. No mention is made of any interference by the local authorities, and it is well known that they usually stand aside in cases of this sort and allow the outraged public sentiment to work its will on the criminals.

A merchant in a good way of business in Hankow, feeling that conditions in the country districts were getting very unsettled, sent for his wife and children, a girl of sixteen and a boy of eight, to come and join him in Hankow. The boat in which they travelled, having with them clothing and jewels to the value of about \$1,000, was attacked by pirates and the three were carried off as well as their possessions. A letter was sent to the merchant demanding another \$1,000 as the price for the release of his family.



He decided not to send the money but to try and get the pirates captured. A few days later a man walked into his store carrying two oil-tins, which he put down and left without saying a word. As the man did not return the tins were finally examined and were found to contain the heads of the wife, son and daughter of the merchant.

### GIFTS FOR KING DAVID

**A** UNITED PRESS dispatch from San Diego describes another insanity of former Judge Rutherford:

A \$75,000 home and a new 16-cylinder automobile are awaiting David, King of Israel, when, and if, he returns to earth and decides to live in San Diego.

The gifts to Goliath's slayer are made possible through a trust fund created by Judge James Rutherford, former Missouri jurist and president of the International Bible Students Association, the watchword of which is "millions now living will never die."

Judge Rutherford today revealed existence of the odd deed and fund in announcing that one claimant already has appeared to put in a bid for the house and car. The home is known as Beth-Sarim, or House of Princes.

David and his brethren will resemble characters from the Bible, but in modern dress, Judge Rutherford believes, and that is why he refused to recognize the claimant to the trust when he appeared.

"I was just going from the house one morning when a queer looking creature approached me," Judge Rutherford said.

He tipped his dirty hat and cried: 'Howdy, judge, I'm David.'

"I could see at a glance he wasn't David, so I said 'go and tell that to the winds'."

David and his companions will rise from the dead as "perfect men" Rutherford said.

"That I interpret to mean that David, Gideon, Barak, Samson, Joseph and Samuel will be sent here to wrench the earth from Satan's grasp, clothed in modern garb as we are, and able, with little effort, to speak our tongue.

"When they arrive, everything will be theirs—the house and the land, the furnishings and the automobile."

### MR. O'SLIFSKY GETS AN "INVITE"

**I**T's to Jimmy the Bootblack's Banquet. Fare: Frankfurters. Tickets only \$15 each. The New York Sun tells the story:

Algernon O'Slifskey opened his shop at 322 Park Row—"A. O'Slifskey, Hatter and Booter: Look a Treat, Head or Feet; We Dress You Nifty, Not Over \$4.50"—for business today, and found that during the night some one had slipped a couple of tickets under the door.

"Ain't that nice?" murmured Mr. O'Slifskey as he gazed at the tickets.

"Banquet" appeared in big type on the card. Mr. O'Slifskey always did like a banquet, with chicken and green peas and coffee in little cups after pink and white and green ice cream, and then soothing speeches.

"Given by the Boys," continued the card.

"Hm-m," said Mr. O'Slifskey to himself, "what boys, I wonder?" But he knew they'd be nice boys if they gave a banquet.

"In Honor of Jimmy the Bootblack," the card went on.

"Now, that's fine. He ought to have a banquet. Maybe a couple of banquets."

Mr. O'Slifskey knew Jimmy the Bootblack, of course. Everybody in the neighborhood knows Jimmy the Bootblack and likes him. Jimmy Jannuzzi, who has shined shoes for more than twenty years in the barber shop operated by Nick Cristania at 57 New Chambers street. The boys, whoever they might be, couldn't have picked a better guy to give

a banquet to. It would be nice if the banquet to Jimmy was made an annual affair.

Mr. O'Slifskey read on: "To be held at the green room of Maxie's Busy Bee."

"He has a green room?" said Mr. O'Slifskey to himself, somewhat puzzled. He knew Maxie's Busy Bee, of course. A coffee pot at Park Row and North William street. He'd never seen more than one room in it, and that was the white painted one with the counter and the coffee urns. There was a kitchen in the back, and there might be a green room, though Mr. O'Slifskey would never have thought it.

"December 14, 1930, at 7:30," the card read, which was very nice because Mr. O'Slifskey had no date for December 14 any time in the evening.

"Music by Sleepy Valee and his Conn. Krankies." Is that the fellow who croons? No, that's Lehigh Valley—or something like that. Some imitator of his probably, like that fellow Terence Beustein, who'd put up a booter and hatter shop right next to Mr. O'Slifskey. But the music should be good anyway.

Suddenly a jarring note—"Tickets, \$15."

Mr. O'Slifskey had never gone to a banquet that cost a third that much. Fifteen dollars to go to a banquet! Hm-m-m. What he could buy for \$15! But he liked Jimmy, and he liked banquets, and he liked music. He turned the card over as he pondered the matter, and saw on the back:

### MENU

Antipasti	Soup
Frankfurters a la Francaise	
Pork and Beans "a la Hitchcock"	
Hamburger Steak with Onions	
Two Hershey Bars	Two Orangeades
Two Cremo Cigars	

Mr. O'Slifskey wondered even more. It would have to be swell soup and swell music to be worth \$15. He knew what the other items on the bill usually cost at Maxie's.

"I'm going over and ask Jimmy about this," he decided.

Jimmy looked up from shining shoes when Mr. O'Slifskey said: "I see they're going to give you a—"

"Yes, give me a banquet!" exclaimed Jimmy. "A fine banquet! You know that Louis? The one that works in a print shop?"

Mr. O'Slifskey nodded. He knew Louis. Friend of Jimmy's.

"He goes and prints those things," Jimmy continued. "Then he and some other fellows they go and hand 'em all around. They must of put out ten thousand of them. That's all. There ain't no banquet. Just they hand the cards around. They think it's funny and they laugh.

"They ought to be me, with every one comes in say 'How about the banquet, Jimmy?' Maxie, he don't like it so much, either. Every one says, 'I want to eat in your green room, Maxie.' But I guess it's a good joke. I ain't so mad at Louis. But there ain't no banquet."

"Well, that's too bad," said Mr. O'Slifskey, as he returned to his shop and thought how he'd missed a banquet. "Or perhaps it isn't," he reflected, thinking of the \$15.

### HUSBANDS AND WIVES

**A**MONG the more recent Bible-study "howlers" is this from *The Churchman*:

It was Sunday morning in a men's class in a famous Presbyterian church school. "Will you please tell me," said a member to the teacher, "how far in actual miles Dan is from Beersheba? All my life I have heard the familiar phrase 'from Dan to Beersheba,' but I have never known the distance." Before the answer could be given, another member arose in the back of the room, and inquired: "Do I understand that Dan and Beersheba are the names of places?" "Yes." "That is one on me. I always thought they were husband and wife, like Sodom and Gomorrah."

## TWO CONGRESSMEN AND A STARVING MAN

**H.** I. PHILLIPS, we suspect, does not wish to be taken for a humorist in describing the situation:

(*The scene is a city street. A very emaciated man, obviously in need of food, is appealing for ten cents to get a cup of coffee and a roll.*)

First Congressman: What does the gentleman desire?

Starving Man: Please, could you help a man get a little something to eat, sir?

Second Congressman: Will the gentleman please repeat his inquiry?

Starving Man: I'm starving, sir. Please, could you gimme a dime to get something to eat?

First Congressman: While the request does not come in the regular order I am constrained to give it consideration.

Second Congressman: I have no objection to a discussion of the proposition at this time.

\* \* \*

First Congressman (to beggar): How long have you been starving, my man?

Starving Man: For several weeks, sir.

First Congressman: The reason I ask is that I want to be sure the matter is one that properly comes under this year's business.

Second Congressman (to beggar): You are aware, of course, that the form of your request is slightly irregular.

Starving Man (getting hungrier by the minute): Just a nickel, sir, if a dime is too much.

First Congressman (to his colleague): Does the gentleman from Iowa consider a dime excessive?

Second Congressman: I am not prepared at this time to say whether a dime is too much or not. I recall the case of a starving man in the State of Minnesota in the winter of 1888. In that case it was subsequently established that a dime was excessive. On the other hand such a sum has been known to be inadequate.

First Congressman: I can appreciate the evils of snap judgments in matters of this kind, but I am inclined to regard this as an emergency in which we would make no mistake in giving the man enough money to get the cup of coffee and the roll.

Starving Man (now quite weak): Please, sir.

Second Congressman (to his colleague): I yield to no man in my reactions to want and woe, but I think nothing would be lost by deferring action for another month.

First Congressman (tartly): This is not a time for parsimony. From the majestic mountains of the Far West to the surf-whipped stretches of the great Atlantic there is . . .

Second Congressman: I object to this appeal to the grand stand.

First Congressman: If the gentleman says I am appealing to the grand stand he is a liar.

Second Congressman: I defy you, sir, to repeat that name outside.

First Congressman: Buffoon!

Second Congressman: Coward!

(*They continue this while the starving man slowly expires at their feet.*)

## PERSONAL REFLECTIONS

According to Secretary Hyde, there can be no good dole times.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

A schoolboy defined elocution as the "method some have of putting people to death."—*Wachman-Examiner.*

Everything we have is taxed—even our credulity and patience.—*Florence Herald.*

Anyway, the radio is causing some people to listen more and talk less.—*Florence Herald.*

Where intelligence quotients fall down is in not listing what the person thinks he knows alongside his actual knowledge.—*Toledo Blade.*

The only person we know who makes a success running other people down is the elevator boy.—*Dallas News.*

The man who sings his own praises is quite likely to be a soloist.—*Richmond News-Leader.*

The trouble with love at first sight is second sight.—*New York Evening Post.*

The lads in college like to be treated with kindness by their parents, but not with unremitting kindness.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

All of us should believe in kindness to dumb animals. So many of us are.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

The world will some day adopt the Indian policy of non-resistance in place of war. Under it woman for the first time in history has a chance to be as effective as man in conflict.—*Dr. Haridas Mazumdar.*

An expert declares that most of our legends are pure fiction. That's more than can be said of most modern stories.—*The Passing Show (London).*

Bigotry is not courage. Instead it is an arrogant assumption of power based upon the conceit of opinion. To disregard the rights and views of others when comfortably ensconced in impenetrable security is the reverse of bravery. Courage is the property of defying this sort of a thing, when defended by no sort of vantage, without regard to consequences. That this continues to exist in steadily decreasing quantities in America is a lamentable indication of decadence. There is no merit in being fed with a spoon on the assurance that this is the only way in which political or spiritual nourishment can be obtained!—*Don C. Seitz.*

An actual fondness for noise has become alarmingly common in America and explains the popularity of regenerated jazz.—*Dr. Walter A. Wells.*

## CHESTERTON ON THE ENCYCLICAL

**I**T's a pleasure to reprint this letter by G. K. Chesterton, addressed to the editor of the *New York Telegram*:

I feel that the Pope's encyclical letter is particularly welcome at this time.

It compels us to squarely face the question whether the world would really be happier under the sexual anarchy advocated by the vociferous minority or living in conformity with the rules prescribed by the Church.

The bitter quarrel that is growing more acrimonious between the sexes results from the neglect of Catholic morality, and not because of it. There is a too general assumption that the Church authorizes a brutal disregard by the husband of the wife's wishes. If any one supposes that he not only entirely misinterprets Catholic doctrine but the whole spirit of Christianity. St. Paul said, "Honor all men." We are under a thousand times greater obligation to honor all women, especially the woman who is your wife.

The Church is certainly not being brutal in admonishing women to have due regard for their obligations as wives and mothers and to refrain from being arrogant and sterile in neglect of Catholic conscience and honor.

The quarrel of the sexes is not occasioned by the Church. It is due to not taking the advice of the Church, which tells the husband to "honor thy wife" and the wife to "honor thy husband."

# International Exhibition of Religious Art

By GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS

**P**ERHAPS it is only natural that at first blush one should be a little disappointed in the general character of the display.

When, for centuries you have been in the front line, and your country overflows with its profusion of masterpieces, and the whole world comes to you to learn the statutes of great art, it is discouraging if this is the best that you can do, especially in the field of religious production which has been pre-eminently your field. Secondly, the contributions from other countries, in a showing that claims to be international, are notably small. Two or three paintings from Austria, a cabinet of objects of art from Germany, a few examples of admirable goldsmithry from France, and one piece of sculpture by an American woman, are felt to be totally insufficient as representation.

But perhaps the novelty of an exhibition of modern religious art in Rome, and the limited publicity given to it, partly explain the inadequateness of the response. And, besides, a first effort always has a certain character of haltingness. Apart

from these initial difficulties, which, especially at first contact with the exhibition, disturb the visitor, there is an infinite number of really beautiful things on view, and the entire display is permeated with that fine aesthetic sense, that innate and deep artistry which is supremely Italy's own.

An exhibition, consequently, that is full of hope, that confirms the beholder in the profound faith in the genius of Italy, and if the Michael Angelos and the Raphaels are not apparent, we must bear in mind that portents such as these only ripen at the interval of centuries. Meanwhile, with a little patience and the sympathy that will seek out one by one these lowlier masterpieces, there is enough beauty and value to amply repay one for the slight exertion.

And first of all the sculpture. The very nature of this form of expression, so difficult and so splendid, makes it in a way more conservative than painting, and less subject to vagaries and caprices. We singled out at once eight or ten statues that seemed of themselves to stand out from the general number, and, on re-

turning to study them more carefully, they were their own praise: loveliness, conscientious workmanship, highest quality of design and technique.

**T**HE photo we were able to secure of Edoardo Rubino's "Christ Speaking to the Apostles" does not do it justice, and accentuates the only defect of the figure which is that it is massy. But in reality this life-size image of Our Redeemer, made wholly of silver, shines out against the grey of the wall behind it with an impressive distinctness and solemnity. It is clear that He is speaking, and He has laid His two hands upon His breast to emphasize His own earnestness and sincerity. His face is full of kindness and gentleness, one would say even of humanity, which would make one desire to draw near and to hear Him. What such a Man as this has to say will be worth hearing and remembering: teacher, master, leader, friend. We do not insist on the poise of the head, the comeliness and majesty of the countenance, but, while the type of the Christ is faith-



First: Torch-bearing Angel—an Altar Candlestick—by Louis Moroder. Second: "Christ Speaks to the Apostles," by Edoardo Rubino. Third: St. John the Precursor, by Alessandro Monteleone. Fourth: Ecstasy of St. Francis, By Ernesto Biondi.





First: St. Francis, by Guido Calori. Second: "Behold the Man," by Pietro Chiesa. Third: The Manger for the Industrial Art School of Bologna.

ful to the tradition of ancient art which made the Savior awesome, there is a certain freer handling which makes of Him a modern, in vividness and cordiality of expression.

Equally faithful to the great national art conceptions of Italy is Amleto Cataldi's life-size group of the seated "Madonna and Child." There is an exquisiteness about this composition that reminds one of the Florentine renaissance. The material itself—creamy white marble with delicate veinings of grey, the surface finished to a soft, glossy perfection—enhances the refined quality of the sculpture. Cataldi is one of the great modern sculptors, but he has been wise in not departing from the established type of the Madonna, the beloved Madonna of Italy. And how queenly, how gracious her gently bowed head; how preciously modelled her slender hands, and the sensitive, nervous feet. Michael Angelo, Donatello, Rossellino, Mino da Fiesole, all the most exquisite craftsmen of

Florence come to mind. It is an artistry that extends even to the treatment of the garments, the subtly ribbed folds of the dress contrasting with the broad, smooth amplex of the cloak.

The Divine Infant is very wise and very thoughtful, the little face, grave beyond its age, is full of sweet seriousness as though the sculptor had wished to remind us that the frail child is God. He is neither smiling nor blessing, He lifts His small hands to summon, to exhort; and the eyes of Mary, fixed upon her fair Son, are full of love and of admiration. This group has been very advantageously placed in a niche which isolates it and brings out all the refinements of its workmanship.

WE pass on to "St. Francis of Assisi," the ecstasy of the Saint by Ernesto Biondi. It is of superb bronze, and here, too, the material has peculiar beauties which have been used effectively. This statue has been set with its back to the French win-

dow, perhaps purposely, so that the dark figure stands out with extraordinary significance, bronze against the shimmering light of day. And it is beautiful in its effective outline. Shall we say that it is an advantage not to be able to see the face clearly? Literally we do not mean this; but it is certain that the striking silhouette, seen against a glory, has a mystic suggestiveness that appeals to the imagination. The lifted hands have a wonderful life-likeness. As to the countenance, it is an incarnation of pure joy, the glance directed heavenward, the lips parted, smiling, the whole expression one of perfect bliss. And, seeking with difficulty to see this face which is invisible in shadow, one has a curious impression of a something spiritual and supernatural: the dusky form which withholds all its details from the beholder, and in the midst of its darkness this radiant secret of the unspeakable happiness of Francis, looking upon God, his "most high most good Lord," or up to his Brother the Sun, the image of



First: Ciborium, by Bohm. Second: Nativity, by Gerardo Dottori. Third: Madonna, by Oddo Aliventi. Fourth: "Mater Dolorosa," a Wall Tapestry of Medieval Design, by Ugo Scaramucci and Leandra Angellucci.



the loving-kindness and of the beneficence of the Almighty. Ecstasy of St. Francis! Who can tell what it means? But he had his own special Saint's idea of what constitutes perfect bliss.

**T**HIS presentment is altogether without austerity, but if we go on a few steps, to the "St. John" of Alessandro Monteleone, we have the last word in asceticism. Sculptors always seem to have loved this conception of penitential emaciation. The gaunt, stark figure, clad in camel's hair, supplemented by a meagre cloak hanging from one shoulder, is a very incarnation of self-denial and penance.

of wood. It is a masterpiece as one might expect of a sculptor of the fame of Monteleone, and one of the most distinctive and powerful works of the exhibition.

Almost as austere as the St. John, is the emaciate, colossal head of Cardinal Shuster, another exponent of asceticism, by Aldo Andreani; but while the modelling is secure and daring, there is a certain exaggeration in the pose which represents the Cardinal's characteristic pushing forward of the head. Mayer's "Old Woman Praying," a terra-cotta, is admirable in realism and truth. She has closed her eyes and clasped her hands, and the world around means

chanting in its plastic perfection, while the Virgin Mother's complete rapture and absorbment recall the Gospel word that all the circumstances of the miraculous advent of her Son were "treasured in her heart." Speaking of the work of Weylich, we must not forget to mention the circular medallion of the "Mother and Child" which present the same characteristics of beauty and piety, of delicacy and reserve. There are few things in the whole exhibition so utterly satisfying as this admirable medallion.

One more sculpture must be named before we pass on to examine the paintings, and that is Guido Calori's



First: Madonna in Mosaic, by Guido Marussig. Second: A Mosaic Study, by Guido Cadorin. Third: Madonna of the Ear of Wheat, by Giovanni Prini.

Nerves and muscles show in every portion of the body, yet it is an image of unusual force and power. The features are not handsome; they too are wasted, emaciate, rudely hewn, the brows knitted; but how much one feels that this is a voice crying in the wilderness, a prophet of old, most of all a Precursor. The artist has represented him in the act of advancing, his right hand and arm lifted, his left hand open in expostulation, his energetic bare foot gripping the ground over which it treads. Arab of the desert, solitary of the sand-wastes, uncouth hermit called from the wilds to announce to thronged humanity that the advent of Christ is near. In size the effigy is that of a tall, thin man, very strongly built, and it is carved out of a single piece

absolutely nothing more to her rapt intercourse with her Maker. The peace upon her brow is almost a prelude of the stillness of death.

One of the most charming of the sculptured groups is Ignatius Weylich's "Madonna by the Crib." It is treated with so much reverence, so much delicacy, and so true a sense of what is becoming. Madonna is a girl in all the bloom and loveliness of unfolding life; she has seated herself upon the ground beside the crib, and her left arm enfolds the tiny sleeping child; her face is bowed over Him in adoration, and it is quite clear that she has no other thought or care in the world save this little One, this Holy One Who has been entrusted to her love. The beautiful profile, full of tenderness and nobility, is en-

"Deposition from the Cross." It is particularly fine, and the sculptor was confronted with the difficulty of putting half a dozen figures into the limited space of a lunette. He solved this problem excellently, combining them all in one harmonious group about the form of the dead Christ. The workmanship is swift and powerful, the expressive figures blocked and hewed rather than carved, and the action breathes strength. We think, however, that the name is inaccurate and that the title of the composition should be "The Entombment."

**I**N speaking of the work of Giovanni Prini we hesitated a moment before placing him among the sculptors, inasmuch as he is so eminently

an imaginative creator of small sym-bolical works of art which might come under the head of decoration. Yet, all things considered, he is certainly a sculptor as he is a consum-mate artist. Prolific, too, and abounding in output. He offers here no less than eleven subjects, and there is not one of them that does not deserve praise. In fact, he has a section of his own, and several of his exhibits are undoubtedly sculpture, genuine and pure.

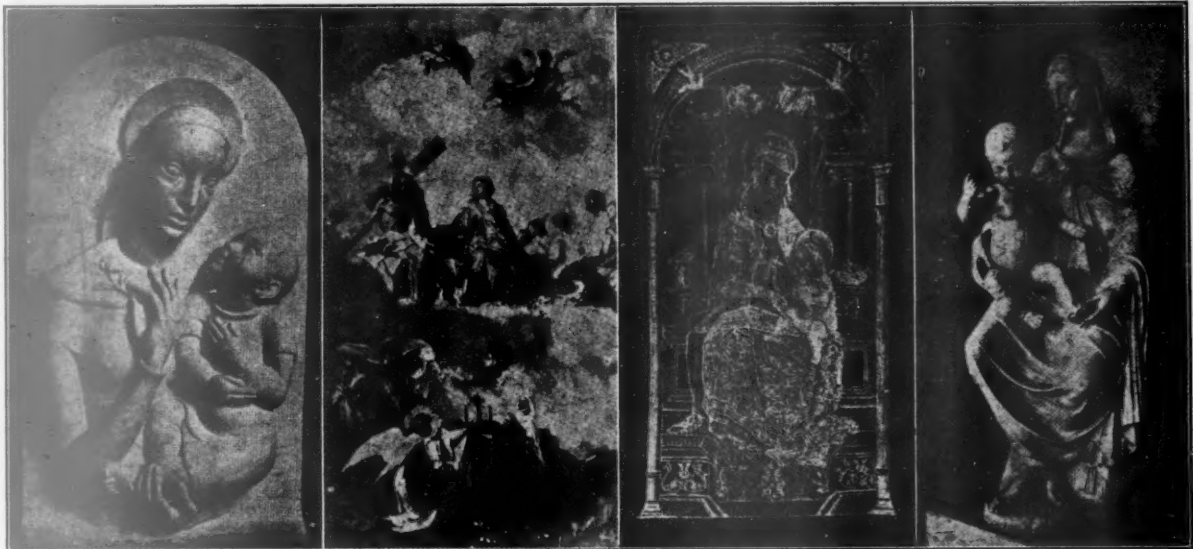
**I**N first line we place the highly mystical "Madonna of the Ear of Wheat," and one must see this to be able to appreciate fully all its signifi-

The Child is surrounded and enclosed within the verticals of arms and cloak, so that the meaning of the group is very clear: it is Mary who is the sheath, and Jesus who is the grain of the wheat. Is there some further allusion to the bread of the Word which is to nourish all men, and to the Mystery of the Eucharist? We do not know, but it seems very likely.

Space forbids describing more of Prini's exhibits, but one word must go to his "Effigy of Christ," a most beautiful presentment, carved in a concave so that it bends in shadow, and beneath it is a bowl supported by clinging birds upon their wings. Pos-

demption for hope and comfort; yet it is none the less striking. And we must confess that one of the most searching is a canvas which we do not like at all, Arturo Checchi's "Christ bears His Cross." In reality it should have been called "The Meeting of Jesus and Mary," but as one must give a reason for one's dislikes in matters of art, we will say at once that we object to the deliberate ugliness of the Persons and to the obvious purpose of the painter to make them commonplace. A realist, you see directly.

But he does not wish us to look upon the actors in that great drama with our own eyes of faith; he wishes



First: Madonna, by Anna Balsamadijeva. Second: The Vision of St. Brigid, by Paolo Vetri. Third: Lace Reproduction of the Madonna of Crivelli, by Franciscan Missionary Sisters. Fourth: Madonna and Child, by Amleto Cataldi.

cance. The Madonna is kneeling, a New Art Madonna we must confess, but full of reverence. On a fold of her dress, at the height of the waist, her infant Son is standing; both of the baby arms are raised, the right to bless, the left to caress His Mother's face. The Mother's arms move in the selfsame lines: the left to cover the Infant's hand, the right to touch His head in blessing and caress; her head bows over His, her lips are upon His hair. The interesting thing about this piece of statuary, which is about one yard high, is that the general outline, and the parallel detail lines, do suggest the form and sinuous motion of an ear of wheat; the circular halo of the Madonna is the top of it, and her light, graceful body seems to sway.

sibly if the font were full of water, the bowed, merciful Face of Christ might be reflected in it. We are not sure, but it is a marvelous face even in its trying position. The "Reliquary" and the "Sacred Vessel," small objects, are simply groups of silver angels massed together and joined beneath their upright wings; but in all the collective showing of Prini the same qualities of imaginative symbolism and excellent craftsmanship appear.

In turning to the painting, one is immediately impressed with the great number of pictures representing scenes of Our Lord's Passion. The fact is not strange, seeing the universal and transcendent importance of the subject, and the vast sorrow of the world which turns to the Re-

us to look upon them as the crowd did that day, an unfortunate, perhaps criminal, man going to his death of shame; his wretched, unhappy mother meeting the dread procession on its way. We object, furthermore, because Checchi has made those Two plain, unlovely, commonplace people, emphatically of the lower ranks, and it seems to us, knowing Who they were, that his artifice is a want of reverence.

**B**UT he does not see the irreverence himself. He is wholly taken up with the telling of his story. They did belong to the lower ranks; Christ worked with His hands; his mother was a poor woman, like this, with a shawl pulled over her head and wisps of hair protruding from it. You have

seen the haggard women of New York East Side early of a winter's morning? We will not answer, though we might have much to say. But the group is terrific and it holds you. You will think about it involuntarily all day. It is a large canvas, with many figures in it, but none of them mean anything except those two. Christ has stopped, the garment slipping off his left shoulder and bare breast. He has seen His Mother, and His eyes go wide in an agony of pain that becomes actual terror. The Mother is struggling through the crowd to reach Him, her head thrust forward, anguish that no human words can express on the worn, suffering face. And that is all there is to the picture; it is one tremendous, unspeakable realization of sorrow too great even to be understood.

**E**QUALLY powerful but different in treatment is Pietro Chiesa's "Ecce Homo." The portico of the praetorium is represented, and Christ stands at the top of the stairs, half-stripped, His hands tied behind Him. His back is toward the spectator and the hostile, screaming and threatening crowd presses toward Him from below; there is even a barking dog added to the throng. The striking contrast occurs in the calmness of Christ and in His silence, which one feels, because He is so much nearer to us than the throng. That figure seen from the back, admirably lifelike in its realistic treatment, holds one spell-bound. He is standing quite still, looking down upon the rabble, a bit of the red garment trailing upon the marble floor, and one wonders what He is thinking, what the expression of His face is like, what He is going to say to them. The image is so real that the very hair looks alive and lifted upon the thorn-circled head.

Very fine, too, is Alessandro Pomi's

"Dead Christ," the cartoon for a mural painting in the cemetery at Asolo. The rigid figure extended upon the stone of the anointment, the fair lifeless face turned upward toward the sky, the familiar mourners surrounding it. On a smaller scale, but most expressive and of rare technique, is Lallich's thorn-crowned Head of Christ which he too calls: "Ecce Homo."

Many other pictures in this section we must pass without even a mention, for want of space, and even some of which we had wished to speak; but we may not omit the singular and rather dreadful "Crucifixion" of Gerardo Dottori because it is the contribution of an artist of the cubic school, and we had never believed that these reactionaries and revolutionists would attempt to approach a religious subject, much less treat it with decorum. No objection could be taken on this score to Dottori's two pictures, "Bethlehem" and the "Crucifixion," but of course they are altogether weird and strange. In the latter, Christ hangs upon the Cross, apparently dead already, and two angels kneel one on each side, at the foot of it.

Needless to say it is the color which is the chief eccentricity of the futurists and cubists in art, and they hold that juxtaposition, especially if it be keyed according to the prime hues of the rainbow, will convey an impression of music, agreeably, following the "arrangement." Paris was the chief inspirer of this peculiar madness. But it also claims to be symbolic in its modes of expression. Dottori gives us the three pale figures of Christ and the angels in a long triangle of greenish light; there are segments of an intense blue-green, which may be intended to convey the notion sky, in the background; then masses of roundish somethings, which may be clouds done in sections

of yellow and red, and which look like a conflagration. In the midst of this, other objects, of which we were not sure if they were barren trees twisted in a storm, or claws of demons raging in hell-fire. We offer no comment, because if one adduces the total want of the aesthetic quality among the new impressionists, and their flagrant ignorance of mere matter-of-fact drawing, various voices will be found to reply that art must be free, and that the conservatists are retrogrades. Meanwhile the test will be as it always has been, that what is true art will endure, and that which is spurious and counterfeit will pass away. We do not think this test too severe.

**R**EALISTIC after the manner of Cecchi's "Meeting," is Constantino Sciorci's "Jesus among the Doctors;" a small boy, rather bad in drawing, clad in a pink robe and with a questioning face and severe, far-seeing eyes. The old men are barely sketched in; yet here again, even in the plebian rendering, there is a something sincere and striking. The boy has unconventional short hair and might be the artist's son. In the water-color section we single out from among many, and the exclusion of innumerable others is only for the sake of brevity, two splendid series: the ten illustrations of Gian Battista Galizzi for a popular edition of the Gospel, and in which — personally — we would give first place to the picture of the "Magi," the three mounted on camels and halting upon a sandy hillock, to gaze across the blue night at the mysterious star which has appeared to them anew, or which they have just observed to stop over slumbering Bethlehem. There is a solemn poetry, the silent peace of the desert, and a thrill of vivid expectation, in the motionlessness of the group.

Superb, too, is the double series of



First: St. Francis and the Wolf, by Duilio Camboletti. Second: The Burial of Jesus, by Februccio Pasqui. Third: Chalice and Ciborium, by Paul Brunet.





First: St. Francis of Assisi, by Carlo Moser. Second: A Detail of the Meeting of Jesus and Mary, by Arturo Checchi. Third: Chalice of Gold and Gems with enamelled Stations of the Cross around Cup, by Antonio Guglielminetti.

Duilio Cambellotti, "The Fioretti of St. Francis," and the Voices of the Saint's "Canticle of the Creatures." These are charming pictures, highly poetic of inspiration, and supremely fine of execution. Striking is the story of the wolf of Gubbio, lying at the feet of St. Francis and not looking at the sheep. And how exquisite the depiction of the Saint, kneeling to drink from the brook, and dipping his hand into the pool shaded by trees! There is another fascinating image of St. Francis, black and white this time, a book-plate powerfully drawn and looking like an ancient wood-cut, De Campos' "Brother Wind."

**I**NSTEAD of a short article it would take a volume to do justice to the decorative arts, and arts applied to industry, as they are represented here. But this section is of great importance since it offers the supply of objects for which there is a great demand. Few people purchase large canvases and statues of marble and bronze; but many people purchase vestments, altar furnishings, and sacred vessels. And a specific intention of the Exhibition is to show what can be done in this line. Too many dealers consider the question simply as a commercial one, and many of them are too ignorant to know that they are providing cheap objects, often of poor material, and always in bad taste.

Sometimes the purchaser is no wiser, and our churches are full of horrors, and our altars loaded down with tawdry ugliness. It is possible in America to buy very expensive things which are equally hideous, but it would not be impossible to have less expensive things which are in

good taste and of artistic design. It is mostly, as in many other fields, a matter of selection. One warm comfort the showing brings is in the revelation that the race of craftsmen who are genuine artists is not extinct. And this is true especially, I think, with regard to the goldsmiths. Cologne is well represented with altar vessels of pure silver of excessively plain form. Paul Brunet of Paris, with a monstrosity of white silver of very pure design and beautiful proportions; Camillo Brugo of Rome shows some rare chalices of unburnished silver, adorned only with a vine tendril or a few ears of wheat realistically worked in the same metal around the base.

Antonio Guglielminetti exhibits a chalice which our Holy Father the Pope alone would be worthy to use. It is made of solid gold, relieved with filigree work and precious stones, and all around the cup, in fourteen exquisite enamel pictures, are the Stations of the Cross. No expense was spared in the making of this chalice.

Candlesticks are here of all kinds—bronze, brass, silver and wrought-iron—and many are extremely artistic. Lodovico Moroder's angel sustaining a heavy torch is charming. The Franciscan Sisters of Mary Immaculate, who have a studio and workshops near St. John Lateran, have filled an entire show-case with their contributions which range from carved, hand-colored wood caskets, to chasubles embroidered or painted by the Sisters, and precious worked altar linens. A prize-piece is a copy of Crivelli's picture of the Madonna and Child Enthroned, exquisitely reproduced in lace. Among the minor arts, Southern Italy contributes some delightful colored earthenwares, and two artists who have worked together, Ugo Scaramucci and Leandra Angelucci, have produced between them tapestries that are only a sort of glorified rag-carpet but of religious subject and of splendid effect to hang upon the walls. The "Mater Dolorosa" of antique design is among the best.

## Love's Sorrow

By B. F. HUGO

**S**O many came with gift of laughter,  
But they left me only tears;  
Betrayed, I would not follow after;  
Wounded love a new wound fears.

Now comes One with gift of sorrow,  
Yet a laughter fills my heart.  
Bliss today and bliss tomorrow  
When 'tis God that shoots Love's dart.



# THE ROAD TO SODOM

## "Sensual Gratification Without Responsibility"

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

IT is hardly disputable that the most important influence in this world, certainly in that part of it which has fallen under the influence of European civilization, has been, and is, authentic Christianity. Nor, despite objection, have the frequently cruel practices of its own zealots and sectaries been enough seriously to impair the majestic credit that such a force may reasonably demand from humanity for two thousand years of service.

A man's estimate of Christianity affords in our present distracted day the best test of his mental poise and equipment. It may be urged, in the evil times to which we have fallen heir, that many weak and futile forms of this religion strive for recognition, and that an observer may thus be confused and led to express a contempt for all of them. But this does not excuse the man of intelligence, since his intelligence is necessarily measured by his powers of discrimination.

INTO this scene of present-day confusion, admirably suited to his purpose, steps the neo-pagan. It is the best opportunity for centuries in which to urge his views, and his voice today is very much abroad in the land. Nor has it been difficult for him, in the circumstances, to enlist in his brass band the bass drum of the pseudo-Christian. Just now this is being beaten very loud; but the bandmaster is a pagan.

And the pagan's interest is keenest where it has always been keenest since the days of Sodom—in the sex relation. His creed is The Emancipation of the Flesh. His solicitude is expressed variously for society, for woman, for children, for the poor and suffering, for anyone indeed, provided the argument makes for the indulgence without interference or inconvenience of his strongest natural appetite.

Pagans are but indifferent celibates—celibacy being esteemed among them as one of many pleasure-wrecking devices of Christianity. Our pagan holds out just now to woman the promise of greater freedom from

her natural burdens—in especial, the enticement of a restricted or excluded motherhood—yet striving always to lure woman from the sole haven of safety that the world has ever

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This refined and sophisticated critic of her less progressive sisters averts motherhood through means that first came to her hand from the needs of the libertine and the uses of the brothel.

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Christianity discovered woman.

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When emancipated woman hurls abuse at Christian discipline, she should ponder what her fate must have been had the Ottoman ever made good his threat to feed oats to the horses of the Sultan on the altars of St. Peter's. East of Lepanto, she may well reflect, there are even yet no women's clubs—except those presided over by eunuchs.

afforded to her—uncompromising Christianity.

In spite, however, of our coquetting with paganism, we are as a people living in a social order which derives from our Christian virtues. The disquieting feature of our situation is

that for some centuries we have been living on the capital of these virtues, and this inevitably spells, in time, moral bankruptcy. Christian morals die very slowly even in the deadly miasmas of heresies and indifference; but they die. A striking evidence of our social condition is that our standard of what constitutes vice has already fallen so low. All decent men, for instance—and the greater part of men only half decent—reach sooner or later the conclusion that the justifying reason for man's most intimate relation with woman is the propagation of the race. Authentic Christianity has so held from the beginning.

Yet we are everywhere confronted with the spectacle of men and women perverting the marriage relation from its natural end to one of gratification alone. In this respect our criminal classes are our so-called intellectual classes, our well-to-do, our rich, our educators, our publicists, our clergy. A married woman with a college degree exempts herself by unnatural means from the primary obligation of her sex by the simplest of processes, that of denying the obligation. This refined and sophisticated critic of her less progressive sisters averts motherhood through means that first came to her hand from the needs of the libertine and the uses of the brothel; or it is her husband who degrades his conjugal privilege by forcing these practices on his wife. And to crown them all, these advanced men and women, through writing and speaking and preaching here and in Europe, are looked to as leaders in national, religious, political and social thought—our progressives and emancipators.

THE gross crimes of Sodom and the practice of artificial birth control have a sole and a common purpose—that of gratifying the sex instinct while frustrating its natural end. All adulteries, all fornications, all manner of sex perversions seek a common end: that of gratification without responsibility; and to this definition, artificial birth control answers perfectly. It is impossible, if reason be

coupled with thought, to classify it as other than as a perversion of nature.

Few men and women possessed of decent instincts and of reasoning powers above those of mere human brutes will contend in cool blood that the exercise of such companionship can be justified on any ground other than that of nature's intent for it. Yet we are confronted with every resource that sensuality can enlist to convince us that nature's intent is a thing wholly apart. Naturally, a thousand masks are offered to hide the age-old leer; we could not change the vice; so we changed the name.

IN consequence, we find a man who considers himself a model for his fellow men and himself abundantly capable of framing laws to regulate their conduct, if he but confine his infractions of a fundamental natural law to one woman—whom he designates as his wife. Is there an essential difference between a wife rendered artificially barren and what the world has mistakenly called a concubine? Why resort to chamberings and wantonness when through artificial birth control all advantage may be secured with perfect respectability and within the household budget?

Another man widens the scope of his activities to include more than one woman; if publicity be avoided he may likewise figure among our up-lifters. A third, who will have none of this companionship, prefers a cadet. We know where sex-perversion ends; what we have keener reason carefully to ask ourselves is, where does it begin? Just where do Greek and Roman voluptuaries come in for condemnation and our artificial birth-control lists come in for approval? Who can successfully contend that all are not tarred with the same stick in adopting varied means to the same end—that of escaping nature's responsibilities? If our pseudo-learned professor of present-day perversion is more "decent" it is only because of the subconscious influence of Christian tradition—not that of his logical forebears.

So to forge a bright and shining armor for our present-day adulterous gods, we have called in a new Vulcan and fitted him with a pretty pseudonym—Eugenics. Our blunt-speaking forebears would have called him Pander. He is suspiciously like our favorite divinity, Hypocrisy—usually portrayed as a misshapen fellow but handsomely masked and strutting. Of all the rich inheritance of our Anglo-

Saxon imagination none other of our deities has served us in so many ways and so well. To the Latins he is a stranger; their Vice is laughingly open and unashamed. The pale and elegant Roman of the decadence would have scorned Hypocrisy; we hope to escape his fate by substituting for his open debauchery of nature, our secret debauchery of it; but our own is at one with his—the gratification of a natural instinct by unnatural means.

Possessing in Hypocrisy a god peculiarly our own, our Anglo-Saxon ancestors have been able for some centuries to play Joab to the world's Amasa: and at last, as Alecto would properly have it, instead of plunging the knife into Amasa's bowels, we are plunging it, through artificial birth control, into our own. The human race will survive our tinkering as it has survived all other tinkering; but we shall be extinct. Society renews itself from the bottom, never from the top. And it is only because it does renew itself from the bottom that we are enjoying our own day in the court of civilization.

It has been said that our income tax law makes every man his own assessor. So it may be said that our popular religious creeds make every man his own spiritual assessor. Gold may be hammered into sheets so thin as almost to elude the finest scales of measurement; but the most fragile possible film of leaf-gold is of a clumsy thickness compared to the thinness to which the human conscience may be hammered by human appetite. Our countless pseudo-Christian sects, splitting continually like germs into countless new sects, compete with one another in effort to lighten the burden of moral responsibility for their adherents; and in order to enroll fresh "prospects" impose on them practically no obligation except that of keeping out of jail.

Little is to be expected in such circumstances from our laws or their administration. Easy though divorce is, it is not yet easy enough. Terms of fornication are to be privileged in the guise of companionate marriages. Our court records being rotten with divorce perjuries, we are advised to rid ourselves of perjuries by further concessions to "free love."

Indeed, the time is appreciably near when many of our intelligentsia—our university lights, our publicists and our "thinkers"—will be living in a state which, for the greater part of two thousand years, has been harshly stigmatized as adultery. Logically

there is no difference between our present divorce laws and free love; and it is foolish to boggle at regarding as synonymous terms the exercise of relations that may be legalized in court within an hour, and those in which such proceedings are quite ignored: in the final analysis, lust is in either case the sole determinant.

No nation whose accepted teachers and thinkers hug to their family bosoms the practice of artificial birth control need pride itself on an acute moral sense. But when we see corruption involving children in its meshes, the gorge even of the seasoned sensualist rises. At the thought of it among school girls and boys, the tragedy becomes ghastly. Yet the revelations of medical men, our fast-growing records of youthful crime and criminals, the current subjects of conversation among our children, the stories they avidly read and the films and plays they laughingly favor, all proclaim them prematurely and impurely sophisticated.

We denounce our flappers instead of denouncing ourselves, for it is we who have committed them to our schools and colleges where not infrequently instructors have insinuated or openly preached the doctrines that bring us to our present situation. Young men, intoxicated with the views of such professors, graduate into our journalism, our periodical literature and our books and spread the poison imbibed at their favorite universities. We denounce our flappers—after having done all we can to break down their natural reserves of modesty. We turn them over to empiric psychologists who, under the aegis of high-sounding nostrums, offer sex-hygiene instruction to the babes of the schoolroom. The dictum of the poet reversed, a horror of vice is to be inculcated by acquainting happy childhood with its tantalizing possibilities. This emeute of teaching proposes instead of innocence for childhood, "fearless" sophistication; instead of reticence, blackboard diagrams; instead of maidenly modesty, unabridged familiarity.

IN all human experience we are absolutely without assurance that what our propagandists offer is sound—except, indeed, in the acoustic sense of the word. Our boys and girls come home from college with the dicta that when parents have brought up their children and educated them, they and their opinions are of no further value to their offspring; that self-expression, sex experience, the

behest of impulse are the proper standards for emancipated youth.

Where do they get these wild ideas, bewildered parents ask—and they are laughed at. Mid-Victorian baggage—such is parental opposition to these views; mere impedimenta to the tripping feet of youth on the highway to the City of the Plain.

Naturally all this is breath and inspiration for the Pied Piper who heads the gay procession. Unlike the folklore hero, he is so catholic in his melodies that he draws all within his spell, from the university president to the prattling youngster. He resembles the poet's fancy only in a similar coat of many colors—so many that they would leave the apparition of Hamelin town dazed at their variety. He is an artist; he has been piping unnumbered generations of mankind to destruction for 101 these many years, and for each generation he must appear in a novel garb.

**T**HE acid test of any social order is the position in which it places woman. For it is never to be forgotten that no matter what the position man occupies toward her in their fundamental relation, whether as the most considerate husband, the most infatuated paramour or the brutalest of slave-drivers, it is woman, who, in the end, pays all of the physical bills—and these are, at times, unquestionably appalling.

It is the contemplation of something of this—and, most of all, the moving mystery of maternity in this physically frail feminine vessel—that inspires in man the instinctive feeling of pity and protection which issues in a certain sense of chivalry—one of the cheerfully despised by-products of Christianity—and a consideration which that religion encourages man to cherish for his mother, his sister, and his wife.

It is, then, when woman herself enters the hustings to denounce Christian restraint that the judicious have most sensible cause to grieve. Christianity discovered woman. This is its peculiar glory. To have lifted her from the estate of a chattel, a female beast of burden to the dignity of a queen, and from the couch of the concubine to the sacredness of Christian wifehood and motherhood ought to be high claim to a place in woman's esteem. Men conceivably may have cause for impatience with a discipline that has restrained their common impulse. William D. Howells, I think, pointed out that even two thousand years have scarcely sufficed

to make of man a monogamous animal.

But for woman, who has not often shown an unconquerable passion for polyandry, to stab Christianity by accusation or implication, by abusing its stumbling followers or by giving aid and comfort to its tireless enemies, suggests inevitably that unpleasant recollection of the serpent which, having been charitably warmed into life, stung the hand of its innocent benefactor. To paraphrase Newman, there is not one of these women who speak and write so bravely against Christian restraint in the sex relation but owes it to Christian restraint that she can write and speak at all. And woman should not forget that there are still large spheres of influence on this globe, outside Christian territory, where she cannot write or speak yet.

When emancipated woman hurls abuse at that Christian discipline which condemns her to a home in which she reigns without a rival, to a natural motherhood, to a sacred regard for the life of her offspring, to a happiness that she must find within the walls of such a home if she find it at all, she should ponder what her fate must have been had the Ottoman ever made good his threat to feed oats to the horses of the Sultan on the altars of St. Peter's. East of Lepanto, she may well reflect, there are even yet no women's clubs—except those presided over by eunuchs.

And in spreading its shield for woman, Christianity has merited as well the gratitude of her offspring. It is, in truth, the only always dependable protector of the child. From the first flickering instant of its existence, Christianity becomes the champion of every right of the defenseless creature. The love of a mother is perhaps the most constant of human instincts; yet there are straits in which the mother will sacrifice the life of her life.

It is then that authentic Christianity, which is the Catholic Church, interposes the teaching that the unborn child has its right to live—even though it be potentially one of those blatant philosophers destined to exist only to rail against the hand to which it owes its existence. Such a Christianity, setting its face uncompromisingly against the cry of the amateur for "better children and fewer children," not only forbids every practice that denies existence to the possible offspring but continues to supply the world, and often out of poverty and disadvantage, with more children, stronger children, better

equipped and frequently more intelligent children than issue as the unfortunate units of our pitiful pagan family practices. And against our refined savagery of biological sophistication, it holds sacred the human life once conceived, and never tolerates the murder of the infant, born or unborn.

Where shall we look for its like? What philosophy, what faith, has ever raised men and women of our common clay, of every class and race and clime, to the heights to which Christianity has lifted its white and its brown and its black and its yellow saints? And men may still find in it all that St. Francis of Assisi found in it, all that Thomas à Kempis found in it, all that Saint Augustine found in it when fifteen hundred years ago he brought to it from a popular heresy of his day his great heart and profound intellect. It is to be found everywhere about us today, as hidden, as obscure, despite its triumphs, as when men and women celebrated its mysteries in the catacombs; and so close to us that the pagan in the street may, as Arnold said of Marcus Aurelius, stretch forth his hand, if he will, and touch it. It offers to the service of humanity a trained and world wide army of soldiers strengthened by the victories and seasoned by the defeats of twenty centuries. Its forces never have been possessed of more élan than now. Its linked and authoritative precepts are still like a chained armor in the service of mankind against the worst of human nature. It demands of its recruits no more than an adequate intelligence supplies—humility; and I plead only for such a Christianity as is today and always has been fundamentally efficient.

**T**HIS historic form has never lost the least of its early characteristics. It is now, as it was in its first centuries, vital, aggressive, uncompromising. It still excites the hatred and contempt it has always excited—the scorn of the dilettante, the anger of the brutal, the resentment of the refined. It is now, as it has always been, sanely intolerant, profoundly indifferent, supernaturally patient. To such a Christianity we owe at least the debt we all have incurred through its service to mankind; few of us attempt to acknowledge or discharge the slightest part of it.

Yet it still stands, where it has always stood, at the parting of the ways—where reasonable restraint leads to ultimate happiness, and sensual license hurries the race on to Sodom.





## **SOMETHING HAPPENED AND IT WAS GRAND! BY ENID DINNIS.**

**W**HEN there is a clothing at the Carmelite Convent, Miss Jumpman, dear soul, always makes a point of personally conducting a little party of newly (or nearly) converted friends to witness the ceremony, as part of their education. The clothing generally takes place at the same hour as a matinee, and ends rather earlier, so there is plenty of time for a cup of tea and a talk afterwards.

On the occasion here recorded, Father Senaker, the well-known spiritual writer and director, by great good happened to form one of the party which took tea at Miss Jumpman's flat. He had dropped in unknowingly, and dear Miss Jumpman had the ecstatic satisfaction of introducing her five "fixed-ups" and two "hopefuls" to the famous author of the new mystical work that everybody was discussing.

"I do think," Miss Jumpman remarked, as she poured the milk into the dainty tea-cups, "that they might let us know a little more about the life. I do think one might be allowed to be shown round. They say the most wonderful things happen, only the dear nuns are so reticent. I do really think that people like ourselves, really interested in the life (no, Sylvia, my dear, I assure you they never have tea), might be invited inside, just for once. Now, don't you agree with me, Father?"

"Well, some secular folk do get inside occasionally," the person appealed to said. "The chimney-sweep,

for instance. They have to get their chimney swept."

"Oh, no, Father! Surely not? Yet—I suppose they do."

It was a hard saying for poor Miss Jumpman to accept, and not quite well-selected, considering the audience. She had been so careful to take the Father aside and warn him that one of her party was a newcomer who had so far failed to grasp the Mystery of Carmel—who, indeed, seemed to doubt if the mystery was there.

"I knew a chimney-sweep who swept a chimney for one of the enclosed Orders," the Father remarked, "and a most extraordinary thing happened. I knew the man well and heard the story from his own lips."

"Oh, Father! Do tell us," Miss Jumpman exclaimed.

This was an unexpected thrill. The chimney-sweep was going to be useful after all.

"Delighted to, if you care to listen," the Father said, smiling. "Suppose I tell you what happened whilst you finish your tea?"

"How good of you, Father!" Miss Jumpman cried. "Has everybody got some cake? I'll just fill up your cup, Sylvia, dear. Now, dear Father Senaker, we are quite ready."

It was when I was in charge of my previous mission," the Father said, "in an outlying district with an industrial population of cockneys. (Miss Jumpman smiled to herself. The Catholic Directory would fill in chapter and verse.) There was a

chimney-sweep there who had a considerable practice in the part of the town where the convent stood, and when it was borne in upon the nuns that the kitchen chimney would have to be swept, Mr. Bloggs was called in, in the course of nature. I knew Mr. Bloggs slightly, in his professional capacity. My own chimney once caught fire and brought out the Fire Brigade, and Mr. Bloggs super-vened. I had some conversation with him on that occasion. He was an ordinary young man, very slow of speech. I remember he attempted to enlarge on the state of my chimney in a restricted vocabulary which failed to do justice to his outraged professional feelings. I felt that his sentiments on the subject were intense but inarticulate.

**"M**R. Bloggs had a local reputation for being an atheist. Had he been an educated man he would no doubt have had to be content with being labelled 'agnostic,' but, being of the class of the proverbial shoemaker, he received the other title. The fact was that Mr. Bloggs had been a fervent chapel-going Christian until he got into bad company. The Bad Company was a young man who belonged to a Debating Society. Mr. Bloggs took him to the Meeting House one night to a 'bright and hearty service,' preceded by Tea. The Bad Company joined in the hymn-singing with misleading zest—hymn-singing was the delight of Mr. Bloggs' soul, for soot agreed with his lungs



He felt assured that his companion had been duly impressed, but when they came away the other opened a thesis on 'The Hour of Worship.'

"'It's all very well,' the Bad Company said, mounting an invisible platform, 'but all that what made you feel religious wasn't God; it was—'ymns. You could do all that without any Gawd at all. I mean, you make 'im along with the 'ymns to give them their flavor, as it were. Now, a real Gawd, if there was one, wouldn't be a bit like that. He'd sort of wipe you in the eye when you weren't thinking of him. He would not sort of wait until he was called—on wet Sunday evenings in a warm Meetin' House. More likely he'd get in the way somewhere.'

"The Bad Company's homely way of expressing the difference between the absolute and the relative, shall we say, or between objectivity and subjectivity, had an extraordinary effect on Mr. Bloggs. It filtered through his slowly working understanding and left its poison in his soul. The next time he went to meeting and was about to enjoy himself in an orgy of Moody and Sankey there came into his mind the insidious suggestion: 'It's not God, it's—hymns. It's the sort of God the Rev. Mr. Moody would have invented to give the hymns their go.'

"**H**E thought over that. Then he went to sweep the Protestant Rectory chimney and watched the housemaid cover up the pictures, which she'd forgotten to do the night before, and while the beauty of the Holman Hunt and Millais sacred pictures were delighting his soul the same thought recurred. The Rector had a God who matched other beautiful things round him. The Rectory drawing-room was a particularly delightful one. The Rectory would be incomplete without the Deity whose existence was implied by the Holman Hunt pictures.

"Then he came along and swept my chimney (the narrator smiled blandly at his audience) and the book-shelves rather impressed him. There seemed to have been a good deal written about the Power whose existence the Bad Company disputed. But then he caught sight of another book lying on the table with my old arm-chair drawn up and my pipe lying there, and all the rest of it, and—well, he wasn't so impressed as he might have been, after all. 'If there was a God,' he kept saying to

himself, 'He'd get in the way, not fit in.'

"You see, his difficulties were not easy to express, and as I have said, Mr. Bloggs did not possess the gift of fluent speech, so he merely told Mrs. Bloggs that it had all been a mistake and that all honest men admitted that there was no God, only an invention of their own. So the children were removed from Sunday school and Jabez Bloggs was known to have become an atheist; and also the most miserable man in the town.

"He suffered from a restlessness, a state of spiritual discomfort, which St. Augustine would have sympathized with deeply. I got to know all this later on; I did not know Mr. Bloggs, except professionally, at that time. Perhaps St. Augustine was the saint to whom he owed what subsequently happened? The famous

picture with St. Monica was certainly one of those which he saw in the Rectory Drawing-room, I have seen it there myself. But his divine discontent was entirely unconscious. He possessed little capacity for expressing himself, even to himself. He just went on his way, bearing his burden in silence.

"**H**E had ceased to take interest in religion, one way or another, for he was an atheist of an entirely passive kind, when one day he was sent for to sweep the chimney at a convent of strictly enclosed nuns. Mr. Bloggs had not discharged his professional offices on behalf of the nuns before. He went forth on his errand, grumbling, on a grey November morning. It was a three-mile tramp along a bleak high-road. Mr. Bloggs arrived at the big, bare building on



" . . . tell something about the religion in this 'ere place."

the left in an entirely unreceptive state of mind. Nuns didn't interest him. He had not even read Maria Monk—he liked his reading, such as it was, to be clean—the invented religion had done that much for his soul.

"He rang the bell outside the forbidding entrance, all sublimely unconscious of the rare privilege which he would be enjoying in penetrating the enclosure. A Sister admitted him and conducted him to a door where he was passed over into the charge of a Sister with a veil over her face. It was the kitchen chimney that he was to sweep. There may have been a stricter enclosure which did not possess chimneys at all, but, at any rate, Mr. Bloggs was well beyond the part of the convent accessible to outsiders.

"It was washing day and the laundry copper had a chimney which might also need seeing to. The Sisters were apparently cooking their dinner on the copper for a strong smell of pea soup mingled with that of soap suds and permeated the place. Mr. Bloggs was conducted down a long, chilly stone passage to a big, very empty kitchen in the vicinity of the pea soup and soap suds. He didn't look about him much, for as I have said, he was in no wise interested in nuns, and the aroma of pea soup is calculated to keep a man's mind strictly on the matter in hand. There is nothing subtle about soap suds unless the soap is scented."

MISS JUMPMAN deliberated with herself during the pause which the narrator introduced at this period as to whether she could use a warning gesture—hardly a wink!—to remind Father Senaker of the presence of the fledgling for whom Carmel had been a painful enigma. This dreadful description was most ill-placed.

"Well," the Father continued, "Mr. Bloggs got his brushes out and went to work. The chimney wanted doing badly and it absorbed his attention. He was a most conscientious worker. Presently there came a sound of singing, or rather a sound which Jabez Bloggs, with his knowledge of the subject, could never have mistaken for singing.

"'What's that?' he thought to himself as he passed another foot of broom-handle up the chimney. 'Are they trying to sing ymns? No, 'tain't ymns.' The singing was neither bright nor hearty. It certainly was not hymns. And that set his mind

off immediately on the old track.

"The chanting stopped, and Mr. Bloggs went on, hardly noticing that it had ceased, for he was absorbed in what he was doing—and thinking. The veiled Sister waited outside in the stone passage. She had a bad cold in her head and snivelled patiently.

"'It wasn't ymns,' Mr. Bloggs was repeating to himself. 'Gawd knows what it was. Perhaps it's the kind of tune He'd make?'

"His thoughts ran on, on the lines indicated. The waiting Sister gave another patient little snivel. And shortly after Mr. Bloggs came out carrying his bag of soot. The veiled Sister escorted him to the door and returned him to the outside world.

"It was from the extern Sister at the door that I got this part of my story. 'I noticed him as he went in,' she told me. 'He was such a sad-looking man. There was a sort of pathetic heaviness about his expression; a waif-and-stray look. But when he came out he was an absolutely different being. Oh, yes, Father, you're laughing. Of course I do know that the face of a sweep does change radically after he has swept a chimney, if it's the first one; but in this case the shining countenance came afterwards. It was exactly like the *Song of Songs: Nigra sum sed formosa* (I am black but beautiful). The whole expression of his sooty face was transfigured.'

"Well, Mr. Bloggs looked about him in a hesitating sort of way. He looked at the Sister, and then he took his hat off and scratched his head. The Sister asked him if he would like a cup of coffee, but he shook his head. 'Mum,' he said, 'can you tell me something about the religion in this 'ere place?'

"The Sister was a little embarrassed, and referred him to the Mother Prioress. Mr. Bloggs replaced his hat and scratched the nape of his neck.

"'When can I see the Mother Prioress,' he asked.

"The Sister told him that he might see her that same afternoon if he liked.

"'Righto,' he said, and then became communicative.

"'It was whilst I was there,' he said, indicating the enclosure with his thumb. He paused and licked some of the soot off his lips. The Sister waited for more.

"'Something happened,' he said, 'and it was—grand!'

"'Was it the singing?' the Sister asked.

"'No,' Mr. Bloggs retorted. 'It wasn't the singing—call that singing! It was (his voice had become low and husky), it was, Gawd!'

"The Sister took him into the parlor and gave him a cup of tea and a holy picture, and asked him to pray for her. 'I guessed that he wasn't feeling himself,' she observed when she told me the story, 'because he didn't pour the tea into his saucer. He gulped it hot out of the cup.'

"Well, Jabez Bloggs tramped into town, finished his round and returned home to dinner. He whiffed the odor which permeated his dwelling and his eye brightened; scent is the most reminiscent of all the senses.

"'I'm sorry, Jabez,' his wife said, 'but it's washing day and I've only been able to get a bit of pea soup hot for dinner.'

"But Jabez whiffed the odor and seemed more than contented—as pleased as though it had been red herrings. 'The nuns' kitchen had this sort of smell about it,' he commented, as he dipped into his soup; after which he relapsed into silence.

MRS. BLOGGS began to wonder what was up. Jabez seemed quite happy, but preoccupied. She understood 'hers' well enough and waited for him to out with it.

"Presently Jabez outed with it. 'I'll be wanting my Sunday suit this afternoon,' he announced. 'I'm going back to the convent to see the Mother Prioress.'

"'Lor, Jaby, you don't mean to say that you've got to drag up there all again to be paid,' his wife said. 'Didn't they stomp up on the nail?'

"'Yes, they stumped up,' Jabez said. 'It's—about something that happened when I was sweeping the chimney.'

"'Lumme, Jabez! What came down?—a skellington?'

"'No,' Mr. Bloggs said, 'nothing came down except soot—lots of soot.' He took out his pen-knife and proceeded to pare his finger-nails, reflectively.

"'I thought it might been a skellington,' Mrs. Bloggs said. She was mixing up in her mind the tradition of the immured nun with the better authenticated one of the climbing-boy.

"Mr. Bloggs' wife waited in vain for more. Jabez was safely back in his shell. 'What are you going to say

(Continued on Page 412)



# The Church and Various Forms of Government

Being the SEVENTH of TWELVE Articles Answering the Question, *Can an Intelligent Man be an honestly Convinced Catholic in the Twentieth Century?*

By HILAIRE BELLOC

**T**HE idea that the Catholic Church, its teaching and spirit, are in conflict with the scientific conclusions of our time, first strikes men in connection with physical science, and that is why I have taken these supposed conflicts first. It has been my object in the first six of these articles, after describing what the Catholic attitude is, to show that it was not at issue with reason in its attitude towards physical science and the nature and history of man.

In what follows I shall turn to the larger issue of the mind: of the conflicts—some of which are real enough, others only imaginary—between the Catholic Church and the general spirit of the time in which we live. Or, at any rate, the general spirit of this time as it may be observed in countries the general character of which is non-Catholic.

## Forms of Government

**T**HE first department in which this conflict is thought to exist—the one in which most men not Catholic would tell you that such conflict was inevitable—is that concerned with forms of Government.

One hears it repeated perpetually, and especially in recent times, that the Catholic Church is incompatible with a certain ideal of Government today idolized and called "democracy." The Catholic Church has, by the way, in the past, been blamed just as violently for not fitting in with absolute monarchy; but those quarrels are for the moment forgotten; it is the relations between the Catholic Church and the democratic idea of Government which is of practical moment to us today.

Let us begin at the beginning and define our terms.

There are three main ways in which communities of men may be

governed: there are three main kinds of machinery for the making of laws and the prevention of making laws (or "veto").

The first is monarchy, which means the putting of this power into the hands of one person. The word monarchy does not mean that such power should be hereditary. That is only one particular form of monarchy. Nor does it mean that the power shall be held for life. Monarchy is still monarchy though each person who exercises it exercises it only for a term of years, even quite a short term. Thus the powers of the President of the United States are monarchic, though it would be untrue to describe the Constitution as a monarchy because the monarchical President is only one element in that Constitution.

The second way of governing men and the one to which they always must turn in simple and original conditions before they have developed established traditions of government is called Democracy. Laws are made or vetoed by the whole body of the citizens. There is no true democracy unless the whole body of the citizens, not a delegation or selection from them, actively make the laws and unmake them.

The third form of human government is oligarchy—that is, government by a number of men small when compared with the whole of the commonwealth. In practice this form of government is often exercised by a special class, which is then popularly called aristocracy. Such a class was formed until recently by the English gentry, who held all the real power for making and unmaking laws in England.

## One Form Predominates

**T**HESE three forms of government do not stand out in black and

white, as it were, separate and contrasted each from the others. Nearly every government that has ever been is a mixture of at least two of them and often of all three. But one type will predominate and give color to the whole. For instance, in the case I have just quoted, England until quite lately was an aristocratic oligarchy; and, though no country has changed more in recent years, a great deal of that state of affairs still remains. Switzerland is democratic; there is machinery for taking a popular vote upon nearly all matters and the commonwealth is divided into a number of districts so small that, in each, the citizens as a whole can make and unmake laws; though even in Switzerland there is nevertheless delegation, or representation, which element is always a modification of democracy. Italy, at this moment, is an almost unmixed monarchy.

## The Democratic Ideal

**I**T is clear that very large bodies of men can't be governed in a purely democratic manner. They cannot all meet to make laws in one marketplace; and though by a referendum they can give a plain "yes" or "no" to proposals which have been put before them, they cannot directly originate laws. But, as we all know, the democratic ideal can underlie the government of a state however large. Within the limits of what is physically possible in such a state machinery can be and is devised for the widest consultation of opinion and for opportunities for expression upon all civic matters.

This ideal of democracy is that which for the moment, men of European stock, whether in the old or new world, mainly uphold; and it is the supposed conflict between it and the Catholic attitude of mind with which we are here concerned.



To examine whether that conflict exists or no we must first of all find out what the Catholic attitude towards government is, that is, the Catholic theory of government; and next observe in practice and from history as well as in the contemporary world around us how this theory works in effect.

### Catholic Principles

**T**HE Catholic theory of government proclaims the following doctrines:

(1) Authority and order are necessary to the State and are normal to the nature of man because man's nature is designed for living in community with his fellows. Therefore, laws must be obeyed. Anarchy is morally wrong.

(2) All authority is ultimately from God. This does not mean that God directly appoints a particular human authority; it means that the moral sanction for human authority of any kind lies in the Divine ordinance which governs the universe. Thus to the question, "Why should I obey the laws?" The Catholic answer is, "Because God who made you, made you a political being whose normal life must be lived in community with others; and in such a community, order and right living cannot be preserved unless there be some authority over it to make laws for it. Obedience to the law being a duty, must, like all duties, be referred to the existence of the Creator. If there were no God the word 'duty' would be meaningless."

To these main principles the greatest Catholic philosophers, the Scholastics of the Middle Ages, and the great Jesuit group of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries (of which Suarez is the chief) have added the conception that the ultimate human authority in any community is the community itself. But this theory of the State, which our principal Catholic philosophers have proclaimed, is not, strictly speaking, Catholic doctrine. It is not dogma. A man may hold it or not hold it as he chooses. It is an interesting guide to the character of the Catholic Church to note that her chief philosophers have thus tended to regard the community as ultimately sovereign, but it is not a matter of faith.

These things being the plain truths about Catholic political theory, it is evident that there can be no conflict in mere theory between the Church and any one form of human government. But what of practice? Do

we find that the Church in practice is ill-fitted to any one of the three forms or any mixture of them? To answer that question we have two means available. One is to watch the world as it is now, the other is to consult history.

Now in the world today you find the Catholic Church actively at work, and the members of that Communion taking their part, as citizens, under every kind of government.

Aristocratic government is perhaps that to which the Church seems least suited, if we are to judge by modern examples; for the only aristocratic state in Europe was the least Catholic of the great nations, to wit, England. An aristocratic government did not arise in England until the work of the Reformation was accomplished. But it would be rash to conclude hastily from that one example. Aristocratic states are rare, and in the past we have had the leading example of Venice, at once Catholic and aristocratic.

As to the other two kinds of government, we can see for ourselves in the contemporary world that the Church flourishes equally well in either political atmosphere. It flourishes under the highly democratic conditions of Ireland, it flourishes under the strictly monarchical conditions of Italy.

### The Historical Conclusion

**T**URNING to history, the conclusion becomes overwhelming. We find the Church, throughout her two thousand years, living in every kind of political atmosphere, in complete democracies such as the little Republics of the mountain valleys in the Alps and the Pyrenees, under absolute monarchy such as that of the Roman Empire or the early Frankish Kings, under the oligarchies and aristocracies of the medieval City States; and nowhere and at no time do you discover the Church as such, proclaiming a particular form of government as immoral because it is monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic.

What you do find is frequent conflict between Church and State. But that is a totally different matter and it is a rather ridiculous confusion of thought which makes it possible to mix up the one thing with the other.

The authorities of the Church come into conflict with the State in one of three ways:

First, by the ambition or bad judgment or avarice or whatever other fault of prelates and Church authorities in general, claiming in some tem-

poral matter a right which they do not morally possess. For instance, the schismatic clerics who supported the Council against the Pope and burnt Joan of Arc were at issue with their lawful government, that of King Charles of France; they acted in the interests of a government which was not the lawful government, but one set up under the pretence that the real King was illegitimate and not the son of the last King.

The second way in which the Church comes into conflict with the State is when the authorities of the Church, prelates or others, advance a temporal claim for something to which they have a right and which the State would deny them. As, for instance, when the Norman Kings came into conflict with the Church over the holding back from a Bishop of the revenue properly belonging to his See.

The third, and much the commonest, form of conflict in which the Church and State have met throughout the ages is that arising from the State's denial of something which the Church affirms to be essential to her own life and the salvation of souls. For instance, the Church has always affirmed, and will always affirm, that in the education of Catholic children their religion must take the first place. If the State claims to form the mind of all children through their most important years by training them under a system which excludes the teaching of the Catholic Faith to Catholic girls and boys, that claim of the State the Church denies and to the best of her power combats.

### Direct Conflict

**T**HERE is a direct cause of conflict. Of course, the matter is one of degree, like everything else; it would be ridiculous for the authorities of the Church to maintain that one hour's music lesson a week must be accompanied with religious teaching. At the other end of the scale it is monstrous for the State to affirm (as some modern States do affirm) when, by law, it takes the child from its earliest years and compels it to attend a school where it passes all the working part of the day, that it is not forming the child's mind almost wholly in such a school, and impressing it with the tone of such a school. Of course it is. The thing stands to reason. If the State be Mormon or Mahomedan or Protestant or Greek Church in general character the general tone and character attaching to the State schools will reflect and im-

press a Mormon, a Mahomedan, a Protestant or a Greek Church influence; and no merely negative machinery can be provided which will prevent such an effect. Against the compulsion of a Catholic parent to send his child to a school of a different religious atmosphere from his own the Church always has protested and always will protest.

That is but one example of many in which the fact that the Catholic religion is concerned with certain spiritual aims, other than those of civic life, may and does bring her into conflict with civil authority. When the Cecils, father and son, governed England under the nominal headship of the unfortunate Queen Elizabeth, and imposed laws which made it treason to say Mass, there was an immediate and necessary conflict between the State—a conflict represented by the Cecils and the Catholic Church.

#### Form Does Not Count

Now, whatever the sympathies of a man may be with such quarrels—whether he be violently in favor of the Church's claim to have her religion untrammelled, or with the State's claim to make laws which hamper Catholic action—the point to note is that such conflicts have nothing to do with the *form* of Government. Whether, for instance, the Mass be forbidden by a majority vote, or by a tyrant, or by a king, or by a little group of powerful men such as that which the Cecils led in the reign of Queen Elizabeth the issue is exactly the same. The quarrel does not lie between the Church and democracy or aristocracy or monarchy; it lies between the Church and the State without reference to the particular form of Government which may obtain in the State. Indeed, for what it is worth, it is interesting to note that there has on the whole been less of these conflicts in the case of democracies than in the case of aristocracies and monarchies. That is an historical fact, though it may be due not to any natural affinity between the Church and democracy, but to the fact that under democracy there is often greater elasticity in political action than under other forms of government and that persuasion plays a greater part.

How then did the erroneous conception arise that the Church was, of her nature, at issue with any particular form of government and especially with democracy? I fancy it has arisen partly from the form of

Church government: partly from the association through pictures and plays and books of the Church with certain non-democratic institutions—notably the old French monarchy, and the more absolute and despotic Spanish monarchy in its last phases: partly from the singular neglect of history in the mass of modern education. But of these three causes probably the first is the most powerful.

Men accustomed to a form of Church government such as is that of nearly all the Protestant bodies in the United States and of more than half those in Europe—a form of Church government in which the congregation is the source of authority—note that in the Catholic scheme the officers of religion are appointed from above, not from below. They conclude by analogy that probably the sympathies of Catholics are with a civil government on the same model. Catholics on hearing that analogy are astonished, for it would never have occurred to them.

The Catholic system of Church

government is what it is because Catholicism asserts the Church to be quite different in substance and object from the civil State. The Church, according to Catholics, has a revelation which was granted to an original body of her officers—the Apostles—with power to continue their corporation in what is called the Episcopate. It is theirs to define and to promulgate the sacred doctrine which, by definition, is not a matter for men's opinion, debate, or modification, but to be accepted or rejected like any other truth. Such a conception does not come within a thousand miles of the various methods by which men may govern themselves. You might as well say that the acceptance of mathematical truths on the authority of those who had arrived at them, although one could not oneself follow the proof, created a slavish habit of mind.

Still, the confusion, though quite misleading, is natural, and I think it has arisen in the manner I have described.

## "His Wealth of Agony"

By J. CORSON MILLER

THERE were five red roses blown of blood,  
And they bloomed so rich, and they hung so high;  
But out of them spilled the Seed of Life,  
And the parched earth drank, as it watched Him die.

Each bruise was a sapphire pain had mined  
From an Ore that heaven prepared of old;  
O the rubies fell from His mangled Feet,  
And the sweat on His hair was fine-spun gold!

There are diamonds hid from the sight of men,  
But never a one like the fire in His eye,  
When He looked with love on Mary and John,  
Giving each to the other, as He said good-bye.

Was ever a Body bejewelled as His?  
Not ever since counting of time began;  
With a wealth of agony flung to the world  
From the outstretched Arms of a God made Man.

# The Hate that Clamored



By DANIEL B. PULSFORD

Illustrations By W. RHODES

**"P**ILATE saith to them: 'What shall I do then with Jesus that is called Christ?' They say all: 'Let him be crucified'."

This was no stage crowd artistically grouped and vociferating according to the stage-manager's directions. It was a turbulent mob acting on its own impulses, a heterogeneous assembly of individuals fused into unity by common hatred of the Man set before them. They elbowed one another without ceremony. Those of short stature squeezed themselves into better places to view the Prisoner, provoking resentment. They fell out among themselves, as crowds will. Minor groups formed themselves. Arguments proceeded even while the shouting went on. The case was being tried by half a dozen different judges before as many different audiences. It was evident that there were several points of view.

For it was a composite crowd. You might recognize there men who had a personal grudge against the Accused, men whom He had publicly humiliated. They had cringed before Him when, whip in hand, He strode among them in the Temple, but now their pent-up vengeance could shout fearlessly. Diplomatic spies who had approached Him with difficult questions, speaking suavely and rubbing their hands, now threw off their disguise. These were city folk, but there

were also strangers present, looking at first somewhat amazed at the reception given their Hero and only gradually and shamefacedly submitting to public opinion and joining in the hub-bub of condemnation. Some of these or their kinsfolk had received benefits at His hands and had accompanied His triumphal entry into Jerusalem a few days before.

But they were powerless to resist the almost hysterical hatred, the rancid bitterness with which He was assailed. They noticed various well-known rabbis joining in the uproar and thought it more judicious to follow their lead than to voice unpopular opinion. But some, more deeply committed to Him, seeing how matters stood, slunk away, leaving Him to His fate. The shouting brought others running up breathlessly, avid for excitement of any kind, mere curiosity-mongers willing to join in any shouting whether of "Hosanna!" or "Crucify Him!"

Portly ecclesiastics and lean Pharisees made common cause, the feud between them being forgotten. It was these, the prominent men of the city, who gave the cue. The rest were merely chorus. They were livid with rage, their yellow teeth chattered, their gray beards shook violently as they brandished clenched fists in the air. A few lounging soldiers looking on laughed at the figure they cut.

You saw Jerusalem there, the same

miscellaneous types you met in the narrow, crooked streets, or squatting under arches. All the cross-currents of that intensive local life mingled in this seething whirlpool. Class differences ceased to exist. The provincial and the city man shouted side by side. The proud Pharisee forgot to draw his robes about him from the unwashed rabble pressing on every side, and the rabble forgot its awe of the Masters of Wisdom.

The Prisoner was said to have attacked what it was the common interest of all to defend. The Temple was not only the glory of Jerusalem, it was its main source of profit. It was what drew money-spending pilgrims in thousands. It was what its scenery and sea-air are to a famous health resort, what the birthplace of a great poet or statesman may be to some humble village fortunate enough to number him among its citizens. He stood before them as the Common Enemy of that on which their livelihood depended, a Traitor to the conspiracy of exploiting native traditions which bound all together. And so they hissed and spat and gesticulated and yelled, "Crucify Him! Crucify Him!"

**T**HE process of fusion achieved completion. Those who had hesitated to join in now clamored with the rest. Mere onlookers became participants. The various groups lost



their separate identity and merged in one unanimous crowd. The heterogeneous gathering became as one individual.

The unity thus brought about rested on the lowest possible basis. It was the mercenary element that triumphed. The cries were those of men attacked in their pockets, the anger that of local patriotism defending its reputation against commer-

ced more justified. Even those taking part, I imagine, when they recovered themselves looked back on the scene with astonishment and perhaps shame. In more than one case, it is probable, the actors suffered the humiliation of those who have been possessed at recalling afterwards what they have said and done.

Mob passions are a kind of madness in which individuals are carried

circumstances were industrious, honest, kindly, good fathers and husbands, raved incoherently to bring to His death One known only for the wisdom of His teaching and the mercifulness of His deeds.

But for the time being hysteria held unbroken sway. It was literally true that they knew not what they did. Their very faces were disfigured, becoming unrecognizable. He who could



And Pilate, calling together the chief priests, and the magistrates, and the people, said to them: You have presented unto me this man, as one that perverteth the people; and behold I, having examined him before you, find no cause in this man, in those things wherein you accuse him. No, nor Herod neither. For I sent you to him, and behold, nothing worthy of death is done to him. I will chastise him therefore, and release him. Now of necessity he was to release unto them one upon the feast day. But the whole multitude together cried out, saying: Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas: Who, for a certain sedition made in the city, and for a murder, was cast into prison. And Pilate again spoke to them, desiring to release Jesus. But they cried again, saying: Crucify him, crucify him. And he said to them the third time: Why, what evil hath this man done? I find no cause of death in him. I will chastise him therefore and let him go. But they were instant with loud voices, requiring that he might be crucified; and their voices prevailed. And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required.—St. Luke.

make men forget themselves in the love of God showed now how Divine Holiness can provoke a sort of satanic self-forgetfulness. It is probably true to say that only God Incarnate could be hated in this way. It takes the Prince of Peace to rouse a brain-storm such as then raged. Religion and the Church can stir deeper fury than any other cause.

To fix responsibility in the case of a crowd is an impossibility. Who started the cry, "Crucify Him"? We do not know. If we enlarge the question and inquire which of the many concerned must be held as chief, we meet with much the same answer. It might be said that Caiaphas and his crew took the initiative, but could they have succeeded without Judas and was it not Pilate with whom finally the matter lay and was not Pilate's decision due to the insistence of this anonymous mob? What we see is the conscious or unconscious co-operation of a number of individuals. Jesus brought about an understanding between Pilate and Herod, but He also effected an alliance against Himself of all the clashing interests in Jerusalem.

Opposition to Him was so fundamental that it could federate hostile races, and parties as bitterly antagonistic as Pharisees and Sadducees. All

cial rivalry. Such outbursts are common but here the furor was intensified by religious fanaticism.

The contorted faces upturned to Pilate's tribunal showed a demonic ugliness. The moral dregs of Jerusalem in this turmoil had come to the top. You saw the Jew at his worst, Shylock in real life demanding his pound of flesh, fixing his fangs in it and refusing to let go. Those hooked noses, that Semitic rasp in the voice were to provoke, down through the centuries, a hatred unparalleled in racial strife, but never was that ha-

beyond themselves. The exaltation which numbers give makes them, whether for good or evil, capable of extremes normally impossible to them. It was a very ecstasy of hatred which left behind it as sediment a sense of moral degradation that made them cry, "Crucify Him!" Under inspiration of this kind, men were guilty in the War of atrocities concerning which they cannot think now or which seem, if they do think of them, to have been performed by someone else. Thus was it this Friday morning. Men who, in ordinary

the little cliques and coteries of the City in which He died (and it had as many as an English cathedral city) discovered a common interest in His execution. If He created a Universal Church enclosing representatives of all peoples, all temperaments, all social grades, it is also true that He has called into being an unorganized but very real federation of and understanding between the forces of evil.

**T**HIS, at ordinary times, may be disguised by the differences which exist among His enemies, but let a religious crisis arise, let His Church become prominently aggressive and the fact will be made known. Spiritualist and Materialist, Anarchist and Communist, Fundamentalist and Modernist, Boston Unitarian and Virginian camp-meeting preacher unite at the word, "Rome." Watch these several groups and you will note an implicit sympathy between the most unlikely parties in this war against Catholicism.

It may take the form of mild excuses or a diplomatic silence such as that which, with few exceptions, made Protestant leaders tongue-tied when the Mexican Dictator shot down priests and imprisoned nuns. We are constantly pointing out the chaos of opinion which exists outside the Church. But there is one very strongly held dogma which unites the sects—the dogma that the Papal claims are inadmissible and must be disputed at all costs.

Apparently leaderless as is this mobocracy there is always some one predominant section. It has to be admitted that in the campaign of hate which ended with the Crucifixion, the initiative lay with the Jewish High Priest. The official head of Judaism, it was he who laid the snares for the Galilean. It was on him that converged the reports of what the Prophet had said and it was from him those spies went out whose questions were meant to entrap the Teacher. Annas' cunning is evident in it all, but it was Caiphas' seal which gave the plots official sanction. The little group of priests, his agents, were the real creators of that "public opinion" which clamored for Jesus' death. The crowd might imagine it was acting under its own impulses, might even suppose the hierarchy was slow and conservative in taking action. But that would only be because the puppets did not see the wires by which they were made to dance to Caiphas' tune.

Where shall we look for the leader of the opposition when, in the days to come, the conflict thickens around the Cross? Who will then be seen to pull the wires? What party, movement or sect may we name as the Arch-Enemy?

We have heard him named Pagan. Catholic writers have pointed out that traditional Protestantism is a dying cause. Its attacks on the Church have no longer the force or the relevancy they once had. Its leadership of the campaign against "Roman superstition" has passed into other hands, and those hands belong to the representatives of modern paganism—the men who glorify the flesh, deny the possibility of dogmatic faith and scoff at the idea of organized religion, the great mass of creedless, churchless, codeless men and women who make up the bulk of our population.

But it were idle to expect from these vague sentimentalists and idle sensualists the vigor necessary to leadership in such a conflict. Were they the only enemy to be expected, the victory of a disciplined Catholicism would be an easy one. We must look behind them to a Foe whose antagonism is traditional, a racial heritage, coloring his very life-blood, one whose implacable enmity is unclouded by sentiment and whose wits have not been debauched by sensuality, and who, because he is detached, can use these Pagans as his tools.

The race which Caiphas represented has a curious history. Thrown among all peoples, forging its way to the front, in every party, it already pulls not a few of those golden wires by which what we call "public opin-

ion" is created. It mingles indiscriminately with the crowds of every land yet can always be identified. It fights on every side yet ever for the same far-off victory. It survives all disasters. Persecutions, emigrations, social ostracism do not stay its progress. Shuffled from one country to another, it adapts itself marvelously to all climes, to every type of civilization and makes itself at home wherever it may be.

**I**T would seem that it has yet a prominent part to play in history, that it is being preserved for some dramatic finale to our human story. If the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ was the crucial point in that history, may we not expect the last scene to bring the same leading protagonists on the stage? When the Church marched westward, it left the Jew behind—unconquered, an enemy in the rear. But before the ultimate victory, it must face that enemy once again. The story of Calvary is not finished yet, and when the concluding phases are reached and all the heterogeneous elements which have united against our Lord and His Church are gathered together for one last assault, it will be found, as at the beginning, that the instigator is none other but some contemporary version of him who represented the Judaism of his day.

That is even now the meaning of the crowd around the Cross. It shouts with Caiphas' voice. It is whipped into violence by Caiphas' thongs. Thinking that it does its own passionate will, it is, in fact the tool of the cool, impassive brain which the Jew carries into all his affairs. The first enemy and the last are the same.

## Bent Barbs

By BURTON CONFREY

**W**HEN others hurt me with their words  
I really do not care,  
Because within my memory  
I find but You are there.

Others I dare not hurt with words  
(Despite what guise they wear),  
For when into Your Eyes I look  
I find we all are there.



# The Criminal with the Machine Gun

By G. K. CHESTERTON

**W**HEN we repeat that this is the age of the machine, that our present peace, progress and universal happiness are due to our all being servants of the Machine, we sometimes tend to overlook the quiet and even bashful presence of the Machine Gun. But the Machine Gun has been overcoming its shyness of late, and has been persuaded to figure in a field where it was never seen before. In one sense, of course, the Machine Gun is, like many modern things, so familiar as to be almost old-fashioned. Governments have long used it, of course, against barbarians so brutal and ignorant as not instantly to surrender their own mines or oil fields to the foreign millionaires who govern most of the governments. So an early poem of Mr. Belloc summed up forever the moral qualities that make for world mastery and the really essential virtues of a conquering race:

*Whatever happens, we have got  
The Maxim Gun and they have not.*

But an entirely new development has appeared in America; and especially in Chicago. It consists of the organized use of machine guns by the ordinary criminal classes. The millionaires, of course, were not members of the criminal classes; they were only criminals without the redeeming weakness of class-consciousness. But it really does mark rather an interesting phase in history: that Bill Sikes, the coarse and common burglar of our boyhood's dreams, is no longer defending himself with a pistol, but with a park of artillery.

I do not mean to be at all Pharisaic about Chicago. It has many beauties; including the fastidiousness and good taste to assassinate nobody except assassins. Criminal society in Chicago seems to be extraordinarily exclusive; and it is impossible for any mere journalist or traveller to penetrate into the best circles, or receive an invitation, or "be taken for a ride" (a hospital formula for death) from the true leaders of fashion. While I

was in Chicago, a very distinguished individual had the misfortune to be murdered; being caught between the fire of two machine guns, and falling with a ton of lead in him. But as I gather that the same gentleman had himself murdered no less than thirty-four persons, in exactly the same way, it was impossible to feel that any advantage had been taken of his innocence and youth, or that he had been lured into a game of which the rules had not been explained to him.

It is not every town in the world that has this strict segregation and close corporation of crime; rather as the art-for-art's-sake school used to maintain that only artists should criticize artists, so these refined gunmen feel that only murderers are competent to condemn murderers. I wish there were a similar rule, in other towns, by which only cheats should be cheated, only swindlers should be swindled, and only usurers should be ruined and sold up; as there is in this elegant conception that only killers should be killed.

Unfortunately, it is by no means true of all the present killing in America. And the killers who take a wider range, the murderers who murder on a larger and more liberal plan, are chiefly the Federal Officers pretending to enforce the Prohibition Law. These, as universal patriots, responsible only to the Republic as a whole, have been known to murder quite mild and inoffensive bystanders, on the bare possibility that they are as likely as not to have given or taken a drink. There are some who admire this statesman-like breadth of action more than the narrow Trade Union spirit of the fighting bootleggers of Chicago.

I ought to add here, however, that quite lately—I believe within the last few weeks—there has been a new violation of this virginal isolation of the artists in crime; a new method called Racketeering; which seems, for some mysterious reason, to be applied especially to Beauty Parlors; which are now very nearly the national industry of America.

A gentlemanly stranger enters the shop and asks the shopkeeper whether he wishes his business to succeed. The shopkeeper replies that such indeed was his purpose, paradoxical as it may seem, in opening the shop. The stranger then says, "You will leave so many thousand dollars on the counter this afternoon," and disappears. If the shop-keeper neglects this advice, his shop is blown up. It seems simple. I cannot quite understand why it is not done everywhere, if it can be done anywhere.

But anyhow, it is another step outside the self-contained society of mutual murder, and as such regrettable. A member of the F. F. C. K., or First Families of Chicago Killers, should not stoop to associate with people who run Beauty Parlors. As a mere matter of romance and sentiment, I should be relieved if most of the beauty parlors were blown up; but I draw the line when there are people inside them. Perhaps people are blown up in the very act of being beautified. It would lend a new and impressive meaning to Face-Lifting.

But this is a parenthesis. What I wished to note as significant and ominous about the murderer and his machine gun is this. It is a commonplace that each of us, coming into the world, sees as a tableau what is in fact a drama. He sees the procession standing still; or it moves so slowly that he can hardly believe it has been moving.

**T**HE young cannot imagine a world without motors; I can remember it, but I cannot imagine a world without railways. Yet I have met old men who could remember a world without railways. Similarly, I have met very old men who could remember a world without policemen. That universal and equal pressure of police organization everywhere—the loneliest village policeman in instant touch with Scotland Yard—all that is a comparatively recent thing.

It is not so long ago that Bow Street runners in top-hats ran in vain after successful highwaymen on



horseback; and so back to times when bands of robbers could hold some natural stronghold like that of the Doones or the MacGregors. At other times a robber baron would hold the king's castle against the king; and command companies of bows and spears equipped like the royal army. In other words, the criminal classes were often armed and organized like the police. Perhaps, after all, it has been but a moment of time, in which we have seen poor Bill Sikes reduced

to a shabby bludgeon, or a pistol he had to hide in his pocket. Perhaps it is only for a flash that we behold the Victorian vision of the omnipotent policeman.

**I**n the advanced, inventive, scientifically-equipped and eminently post-Victorian City of Chicago, the criminal class is quite as advanced, inventive and scientifically-equipped as the Government, if not more so. If our modern society is breaking up,

may it not break up into big organizations, having all the armament and apparatus of independent nations; so that it would be no longer possible to say which was originally the lawful Government and which the criminal revolt. God knows there are criminals enough in both of them.

That is the significance of the criminal with the machine gun; that he has already become a statesman; and can deal not in murder but in massacre.

## Something Happened—and it was Grand!

(Continued from Page 404)

to the lady?" she asked.

"I'm going to tell her what happened," her husband said, and closed the pen-knife with a snap.

"What happened?" his wife repeated.

"Jabez sometimes exhausted her patience. By way of answer Jabez turned his eyes on her; they were as bright as when he and she had been sweethearts.

"It was grand," he said.

"Mrs. Bloggs moved off to see to getting out Jabez's (erstwhile) go-to-meeting garments. He had not looked like he was looking today since he had given up believing in anything. Jabez was a queer fish, but a good man to her—one of the best—but she would love to give him a good shaking for not telling her what had happened to the nuns' chimbley.

"Mr. Bloggs duly donned his Sunday clothes and set forth—scrubbed, polished and anointed—on the three-mile trudge to the convent for the second time that day.

"It was rather a blow to find that, after his extensive preparations, he was to be interviewed by a lady seated on the other side of a grille with a curtain drawn over it. The voice behind the curtain, however, was friendly enough, and made the most ordinary observations about chimneys, and the like, until Mr. Bloggs got more or less used to being only a voice himself. When the Voice at length suggested that there was something that he wished to speak about, he came to the point with admirable directness.

"Something happened when I was sweeping the chimbley this morning," he said, "and I want to know about your religion."

"And what was it that happened?" the Voice asked, as Mrs. Bloggs had.

"Mr. Bloggs closed his eyes. Even the curtain had become too personal to be looked in the face.

"It was whilst I was sweeping the chimbley," he said. "You see, a friend of mine knocked the bottom out of my religion, and I thought God didn't exist except in people's 'eads—that He was, just pictures and tunes, and books, and all that. 'E didn't sort of stand out and wipe you in the eye. Can you get at what I'm meaning?"

"Perfectly," the Voice said. The Mother Prioress had experience in mystics, if not in chimney-sweeps.

"And then the singing began; and there was the Sister snivelling with cold out in the passage, and I sez to myself—lots o' things—and as I was sayin' 'em, something happened, and it was—grand!"

"You didn't think that God existed in our heads?" the Voice suggested.

"NO!"—Mr. Boggs almost shouted it. He had opened his eyes and was looking squarely at the curtain. "I knew He was Himself."

"How did you know that?" The Voice was not quite so level as before—it is a discovery to find that you have put the bottom back into a man's religion.

"Mr. Bloggs replied. He collected all his faculties. 'You see,' he said, 'something happened, and it was grand.'

"Yes, I see," the Voice said.

"Well, the interview ended in Mr. Bloggs being told that he was evidently meant to be a Catholic, and the Mother Prioress sent him along to me. I sat him in my old arm-chair and got him to tell me the whole story. (Father Senaker paused, and the catch in dear little Miss Jumpman's breath was clearly audible.) He got it out with difficulty. He described his professional visit to the convent.

"When they started that run kind of singing," he said, "it set me thinkin' of the 'ymns, and I thought a bit, and I got down a lot o' soot. It was a cold misery of a place, and I got thinking of what the chap at the Debating Club said about Gawd gettin' in the way, and—I got down a lot more soot. There wasn't nothing there to put 'im into their 'eads, and, I got down a rare lot of soot. Phew! It was some soot there! Then I thinks: it ain't 'ymns—Lord 'ow they were squealin'!—nor pictures, nor books. And then, something happened, and it was—GRAND!"

"I just nodded to show that I understood, and waited. But more than that I could not get out of him. All he said was:

"I'd like to see the blighter that could have invented Him."

"He came to me regularly for instruction, and he and his family were received into the Church. The only thing he has never taken kindly to is the smell of incense. The scent that has the effect on him that incense is supposed to have on most people is—soap-suds mixed with pea soup."

"But, Father," Miss Jumpman cried, "you haven't told us what did happen."

"I never heard," the Father said. "No one ever succeeded in getting more than I have told you out of Mr. Bloggs. You might ask the nuns, but, as you said just now, nuns are very reticent about what goes on inside. All I can tell you is that something happened."

**A**RATHER awkward silence followed. When broken it was by the shyest member of the party, the one who had found the ceremony of the afternoon an enigma, and her remark was made more to herself.

"It was—grand!" she said.

# Give This Man Place

*Chapters on the Life and Character of St. Joseph*

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL. D.

## XI. A Man of Light

**A**FTER the ceremony of Circumcision the Holy Family still stayed on at Bethlehem. There was a necessity for this, even while we can easily imagine that Joseph was anxious to return to his own home and work at Nazareth. The necessity consisted in the fact that Jesus, being the first-born, had to be presented in the Temple and consecrated to the Lord, and then be redeemed. "Every male child opening the womb shall be called holy to the Lord." So ran the Law. This presentation could take place only thirty-one days after the birth. Attendance in the Temple for this Redemption was not necessary since it could be obtained from any priest.

But there was another rite connected with the birth which required the attendance of the mother in the Temple. That was the ceremony of Purification, required by the Law, which declared every mother unclean for forty days after the birth of a son, and eighty days after the birth of a daughter. During that period the mother was forbidden to come near the sanctuary, and it was the general custom for her to pass that time in seclusion in her home. The two ceremonies, that of the presentation and redemption of the first-born son, and that of the purification of the mother, were usually combined on the occasion of the mother's coming to the Temple at the end of the forty days.

**E**VERY day of dwelling with Jesus was an important day with Joseph. We know none of the details of those forty days between the Nativity and the Presentation, save the reference to the rite of Circumcision. There is a lot of poetry in imagining the life of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Perhaps it is all beside the point. The one thing that we can be sure of is that it was not a time of vacation for Joseph. He did not spend all those days sitting down and meditating. He was a man of action, and while his whole life must have been a life of true meditation, he had many other things to do. It was his blessed privilege to support Mary and Jesus. There were no ample resources which would allow him to lay off work even for a while. The house had to be run. It is not difficult to believe that during that month and more at Bethlehem he took up his trade of carpenter and earned enough for the current expenses.

So when the time was accomplished according to the Law, he brought Mary and the Child to Jerusalem, a journey of about five miles. What thoughts must have crowded on the soul of Joseph as he entered the Holy City and came to the Temple! In his arms he was

bearing the Son of God, and bringing God to be redeemed from God. He, Joseph—a poor, lowly man—was to have the privilege of buying Jesus from His Father. For, be it remembered that it was the duty of the father, and in this case Joseph was the reputed father, to redeem the first-born. We gather this from the Law which stipulated that if the father of the first-born died before the child was presented, the child had to redeem himself when he reached the age of manhood.

**T**HE redemption price declared by the Law was five shekels, which is equivalent to about four dollars of our money. Perhaps Joseph smiled as he thought of the cheap price at which he was to buy the God of Heaven and earth. Cheap price, indeed, but it was the money which Joseph had earned by his labor. That is the point that I like to remember on the Feast of the Presentation, that Joseph is to the fore there in the Temple, the head of the family, standing for the history of his tribe, and, with the money earned by the sweat of his brow, enabling Jesus to fulfill the Law. In a word, Joseph redeemed the Redeemer!

Jesus depended so much upon Joseph. Humanly speaking, only through Joseph was much of the Divine scheme to become practical. He was the man of resource to Jesus. Humanly speaking, too, Jesus owed a great deal to Joseph, as in this instance of the price of redemption; which makes me understand why it is that the Church believes that now Jesus is paying back to Joseph all that he did for Him, by giving him such intercessory power. It was Joseph, too, who supplied the two turtle-doves for Mary's purification, one for the sin-offering and the other for the burnt-offering. Too needy was he to furnish a lamb for the holocaust, but was obliged to avail himself of the privilege of the Law permitting him to offer a dove instead. But again it was his labor that supplied the pennies to buy those doves for Mary. He was needed by Mary as he was needed by Jesus. And while Jesus and Mary are the principals in those mysteries of the Presentation and Purification, we cannot leave Joseph out of the picture.

**T**HAT was the first Candlemas Day, when Holy Simeon held the Light of the World in his arms. Simeon at that moment declared, "Let there be light!" and as Joseph with Mary at his side and Jesus in his arms left the Temple, I like to think of him as a mighty candlestick holding the Living Flame, or as the first acolyte of Christianity, carrying the Light that dissipated the darkness of earth. The smile of Jesus illumined the face of Joseph in that moment and he became thenceforth a Man of Light.

Joseph, when you held wee Jesus  
To your loving breast,  
What were all the things He talked of,  
Ere He went to rest?

Did He kiss your hands that gave Him  
All His daily bread?  
Did He whisper gentle thank-you's  
For His little bed?

Did He smooth away the wrinkles  
From your tired face?  
Did He close your weary eyelids  
For a little space?

Did He tell you many secrets  
Of the joys He planned?  
Planned for you and His dear Mother  
In His Holy Land?

Did He call you "Father Joseph"?  
Yea, He did, I know.  
Could He give you greater honor  
Than to call you so?

## XII. A Man of Treasure

THE heart of Joseph was light, as, with Mary by his side and the Child Jesus in his arms, he started again for Bethlehem. During that walk he and Mary very likely discussed the wonders which they had just witnessed in the prophecies of Simeon and Anna. But they were used to wonders by this time. Joseph at every new instant was realizing more and more the importance of his own life in the Divine scheme. Of all men he had been chosen to be the intimate of Jesus and Mary, and to be their guardian. He was closer even to the Lord than holy Simeon, whose lips had been touched with the Heavenly coal. It was a thought to thrill Joseph, and at the same time to increase his sense of personal unworthiness.

What was he to do now? I am sure that question never entered his mind. He was too used to the fact by this time that God did the directing. He was a patient man, as a saint always is, for the saint measures things by eternity and not by time. There was only one thing to do, namely to return to the house at Bethlehem. Back there, there were plans to be made in a practical manner. Everything pointed to the return to his own home at Nazareth. He had left Nazareth hurriedly, with every intention to go back there after he had complied with the law of the census. By all laws of common sense he would return there, unless the Divine voice directed him otherwise. Now that the religious rites of the Presentation and Purification had been complied with, I picture the Holy Family getting ready to leave Bethlehem and packing up their little belongings. They were going home again.

But there was no surprise on the part of Joseph when another marvel occurred which prevented the immediate return to Nazareth. This event was the coming of the Wise Men. They had seen the wonderful, strange star in their own country, and, knowing from their studies that it had portended a marvel, knowing also of the awaited Messiah among the Jews, they had followed the star, and had come to Jerusalem, believing that surely at the court of Herod they would be able to obtain all

the information in respect to the new-born King. Herod, crafty, afraid of his throne, dissembled his terror. He found out from the learned students of the Scriptures where the Child would be born that was to rule Israel, and so he conveyed the information to the Wise Men, urging them to come back and tell him as soon as they found the Child, that he, too, might come and pay his respects to Him.

Joseph and Mary were not back in Bethlehem very long, when the strange cavalcade burst in upon them. The Gospel tells us that the Wise Men, when they entered the house, found the Child with Mary, His Mother. Some of the Fathers say that the Holy Family was still living in the stable at the time of the visit of the Wise Men. But whether in the stable or in another house, it makes little difference. One thing we note is that not a word is said of the presence of Joseph, but surely that is no indication that he was not present. In the absence of any positive declaration that he was not there, we are at liberty to believe that he was a witness of the Epiphany.

Joseph was the head of the Holy Family. He was the spokesman for Mary. She would want him to be there at the time of this extraordinary visit. I would feel also that it was Joseph who did the talking on this occasion, that it was he who was the first to narrate the blessed evangel, telling the Wise Men his own personal experiences in the matter, how the Angel of the Lord had appeared to him, how the Child had been born in a stable, how the shepherds had come to adore Him, how the angels had sung their Glorias in the skies, how Simeon and Anna had voiced their prophecies. The Wise Men, wise as they were in their correspondence with the Divine direction, knew that in Joseph they had found a wisdom which all the wisdom of the East could not approach.

I am sure that they asked him many questions, treasuring up every word he had to say, in order that they might be able to return to their native land and spread the good message. Mary, too, very likely told her wonderful story to them, but she must have been glad to let her beloved Joseph, who meant so much to her, be the chief narrator. That is easy to believe when you grasp the fact that Joseph was the head of the Family and that by every right he would be looked to to relate what had happened.

THE Wise Men thereupon brought forth their gifts to the Child—gold, frankincense and myrrh—and laid them at His feet. The tiny infant hands could not grasp these gifts, nor could Mary hold them since she was holding her Child. Who then should take those gifts but the head of the house, Joseph? These were gifts to God, and Joseph was the Treasurer for God. And as the Wise Men went down the Bethlehem road, to return to their native land by another route, so as to circumvent Herod, Joseph stood there at the door of his house, his hands still holding the treasures which they had brought to Jesus.

Is not the Epiphany and its events a prophecy of Joseph's future power with God? As he then took into his keeping the treasures of the Divine Babe to use them for the glory of God, is he not also now the Treasurer, having at his disposal the Divine treasury? The life of Joseph furnishes many a meditation, but I know of none more consoling than that picture of him gathering up the treasures of the Wise Men, knowing that he was to be



by his right over Jesus the dispenser of His riches. For somehow I still believe that after all these centuries Jesus still remains a Child in the presence of Joseph, and still lets him manage the treasury of Heaven.

Three Wise Men came their gifts to bring  
Unto the little new-born King;  
Gold, frankincense and myrrh they gave,  
Making his crib a treasure-cave.  
Happy were they to make Him glad;  
Such gifts, they thought, He never had.  
They little guessed that Joseph, poor,  
Had brought such very gifts before,  
A heart of gold, incense of prayer  
And myrrh of all the pains he bare.  
Good Wise Men, see a wiser one,  
Who calls the God ye worship—Son!

### XIII. A Man of Courage

THE Wise Men had gone, leaving a trail of glory behind them. Peace and calm were again in the house of Joseph. There was nothing to do now but continue the preparations for the return to Nazareth. There in his own little home he and his Family would resume their simple life until the time when the work of Jesus for the restoration of the Kingdom of God would begin. Joseph never guessed that at that very moment the cruel King Herod was plotting the destruction of the life of the Divine Child. Perhaps he had even thought that when the Wise Men would return to Jerusalem to tell the king of the Child they had found, the mighty Herod would send his courtiers to pay homage to this new-born King. But meanwhile, the Wise Men, after leaving Joseph's house, were warned in a dream not to return to Herod, since he was plotting to take the life of Jesus, but to go back to their own country by another route. The warning came to them that night, and very likely it was at the same moment that a similar warning came to Joseph.

Tired out after the stirring events of the day and the trying journey to and from the Temple, the Holy Family was wrapt in sleep. And again came the angel of warning to Joseph. After the Wise Men had departed, says St. Matthew, "behold an angel of the Lord appeared in sleep to Joseph saying: 'Arise and take the Child and His Mother and fly into Egypt and be there until I shall tell thee. For it will come to pass that Herod will seek the Child to destroy Him.' Who arose and took the Child and His Mother by night and retired into Egypt, and he was there until the death of Herod."

One thing that stands out in the life of Joseph is his simple, unquestioning obedience. Enough for him that God wanted a thing to be done. Joseph never stops to argue. He acts immediately. There was reason for this. He, who must have wondered many times in his deep humility why he of all men should be chosen to be the guardian of Jesus and Mary, nevertheless had no mock humility about him. He had what may be called a holy sense of his own importance in the work of Redemption. He was like the saintly popes, who, however unworthy they considered themselves, yet had a tremendous sense of the dignity of their position as rulers of the Church. And Joseph, though he deemed himself a lowly man of earth, knew that he was the head of the Holy Family, the superior of that first house of religion. His was the responsibility, a responsibility

that had been imposed upon him by God Himself.

One can picture the quiet haste of the man under these circumstances, the masterly manner in which he awakened Mary and told her of the Divine order he had just received. No need to urge her. She was even more ready than Joseph to meet at once the Will of God.

A few minutes and they were ready. Quietly they stole out of the house, not even warning the neighbors, lest their flight should be betrayed. Again we can fancy Joseph bearing the blessed burden of the Child upon his breast. He would try to spare Mary as much as possible. A sweet burden always, but sweeter now as Joseph realized that to him was given the honor to save the life of the Son of God. Down the streets of Bethlehem they hastened, out into the country, eager to get to a safe asylum. The hearts of Mary and Joseph were beating high. Danger was hurrying after them. Out into the country, and at last on the road that led to Egypt.

It was at least a journey of three days from Bethlehem to the borders of Egypt, and, needless to say, no time was lost on the journey that meant so much. The Apocryphal gospels, upon which no reliance can be placed, are filled with accounts of prodigies which accompany the Flight into Egypt and the abiding of the Holy Family there. But we do not have to resort to such poetic imaginings to get a true idea of the Flight. It was in reality a flight. There was hardship a-plenty in that journey over rough roads, sleeping out under the stars, seeking the necessary food, and, above all, the fear that ever tracked their steps. There was of course that supreme confidence in God—did they not carry God with them?—still there were the ills of human nature to be borne, and those ills were heavy enough even though they were born patiently.

ORIGEN says Joseph is called "Father" of the Savior because of the protection he gave Him in the Flight. Anyway the characteristic of Joseph that stands out plainly in the Flight is his courage. His manhood was put to the test. God gave him no legion of angels to protect him. Jesus preferred that He should owe His life to Joseph. And Joseph did save the life of Jesus. If he had not obeyed promptly and sacrificed himself, the Child would have fallen beneath Herod's sword, as fell the other Holy Innocents. And that instance alone in the relationship of Joseph with Jesus would be enough for us to attribute to Joseph the great power which the Christian Church attributes to him. And as we remember that Flight, with Joseph holding Jesus close to his breast, prepared to shed his very blood that the Child might live, we learn to pray to him to make us men of courage, ever ready to bear Christ in our hearts, as true Christophers, and prepared to give our lives rather than lose Him.

God might have sent His legions to defend  
Against King Herod's ire the Holy Child;  
Instead of Powers and Thrones, lo, did He send  
One lowly soldier, weaponless and mild.

A crooked staff the only sword he wore,  
A scanty, threadbare cloak his only shield,  
Yet marched he bravely with the Child he bore.  
Sure that to Him Hell's very powers would yield.

O blessed Joseph, to be made the tower  
Of strength for even the Almighty King!  
Be soldier, too, for me till with your power  
My soul from exile unto Home you bring.

#### XIV. A Man of Exile

JOSEPH was in the prime of life. He was an able-bodied man, whose heart was filled with all the sentiments of love and patriotism. In no one was that love of country stronger than in the Israelites. Their whole history centered in the Promised Land. God had dealt with them marvelously, freeing them from the bondage of Egypt and bringing them into the land flowing with milk and honey. They had never been at home in Egypt because it was a foreign land, a land of exile, to them. They prayed God to be delivered from it and to be brought home. Even the first Joseph, who had been sold into captivity by his brethren, although he reached a high position in the land of his adoption, nevertheless always regarded himself as an exile. When, later on, Moses was leading the Israelites from Egypt, he took Joseph's bones with him, because Joseph had adjured the children of Israel, saying to them, "God shall visit you, carry out my bones from hence with you." In a word, the Jews considered banishment from their country as great an evil as death itself.

And now the second Joseph must have thought of all these things, as he found himself in the land of Egypt, far from home. Egypt was a blessed place of asylum, it was saving the Messiah from death. But while Joseph appreciated all that and was grateful for the refuge, yet it was not home. He was a stranger in a strange land. True, in Jesus and Mary he had Paradise with him. But one must not forget the human element in the man. All his plans had been set aside. He had every reason to look forward to a calm, happy existence in Bethlehem or in Nazareth. He was to take up his work and have the glory of knowing that with his own hands he was supporting Jesus and Mary. It was an idyllic life he had pictured, listening to the gentle words of wisdom that would fall from their lips. In this his own land he would wait peacefully for the time when the great Kingdom of the Messiah would be established. He would be surrounded by his kin and his friends. The tribal instinct is strong in every man, and Joseph, like all Israelites, had it in an extraordinary degree. He craved a settled home in his own country. But suddenly that was all changed.

That is not to say that Joseph was rebellious. The saint can make himself at home anywhere; and Joseph was a great saint. His country, his people, his life, was to do the will of God in all things. Yet while he submitted to each new manifestation of the Divine Will, he could not help having his own longings, a wondering when this persecution would cease. It was not so much of himself he thought, but of Mary and Jesus.

But hard though the life was, it had to be borne. Joseph was not the type to waste his life in repining. He was too much the man for that. His duty was clear before him. He must bide his time, and pray, and meanwhile keep on working in order to support his family. Again, the writers of the Apocryphal gospels do not get below the surface. Their Joseph is a lazy individual, sitting about with nothing to do but observe the unending miracles. Joseph could not be like that. He was a poor laborer, and whether in Bethlehem or Nazareth or Egypt he had to earn bread for himself and family.

So I know that the first thing Joseph did after arriving in Egypt was to get a job, and, like the work of most

exiles, the job was a menial one. There was no possibility of his imitating his namesake and rising to heights in the government of the country. He himself would have smiled at such a suggestion.

How long the exile in Egypt endured we do not know. Some have thought that it continued for several years, but everything points to a very short residence there. The death of Herod occurred not very long after the Flight, and since the stay in Egypt was timed to his death, the exile could not have lasted very long. Herod was dead after his long life of iniquity. There was no time lost in acquainting Joseph of the fact. Again the Angel of the Lord came to him in a dream, saying to him, "Arise and take the child and His Mother and go into the land of Israel. For they are dead that sought the life of the Child. Who arose and took the child and his mother and came into the land of Israel."

It was a happy deliverance. Joseph was home again in his native land. History was repeating itself. "Out of Egypt have I called My Son."

Little Jesus, close Thy lids  
In the shade of pyramids;  
Cuddle to Thy Mother's breast,  
Fear is fled; now calmly rest.  
Little Jesus, Holy One,  
Child Who art my foster-son,  
I have led Thee weary miles,  
Saving Thee from Herod's wiles,  
O'er the burning Afric sand  
Into Egypt's bondage-land,  
Where our sainted fathers slaved,  
Ere the God of Justice saved.

Child of her, my Virgin-spouse,  
Whom the humble barn did house,  
Lowlier dwelling here give I,  
Couch of sand beneath the sky.  
Jesus, must it ever be  
Pain and poverty for Thee?  
Oh, my love would rear a throne  
Richer than the Pharaoh's own;  
I would build for Thee and her,  
I, the lowly carpenter,  
Palaces of precious stone  
Where we three might dwell alone.

Little one, I do but dream  
Of the things that pleasant seem.  
What would we with kingly home,  
We who bidden are to roam?  
What would we with joys of earth,  
We who know whence Thou hadst birth?  
Life is but an Egypt night,  
Where we yearn for morning's light;  
Life is but a bondage place,  
Till we see Thy Father's Face.  
Bondage—ah, but, little Child,  
Thou hast made our bondage mild.  
Into Bondage have I led  
Her and Thee, my Worshiped;  
But when comes the Lord's command,  
Back to Thine own Holy Land  
I will lead Thee, little Slave,  
There to die, my soul to save.  
Then, my Jesus, Thou wilt be  
Guardian of Her and me,  
Leading us from Egypt's night  
Into God's eternal light.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# The SIGN-POST

## Questions & Answers

### Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

#### RECOMMENDED READING

*I have a nephew who has been reading books which I think are injuring his faith. Would you kindly recommend a few books which I could get for him?*

TRENTON, N. J.

N. N.

The following books will be helpful: "The Real Thing," Williamson; "Answer to Wells's Outline of History," Belloc; "Question Box," Conway; "Faith of Our Fathers," Gibbons; "Catholic Religion," Martin; "Catholic Facts," Noll; "Rebuilding a Lost Faith," Stoddard; "The Masterful Monk," Dudley.

#### CATHOLIC BURIAL

(1) *Is there a set rule forbidding the burial of Catholics in Protestant cemeteries? If exceptions are granted, who would be considered the authority to approach in this matter? Would the procedure at the grave be complete? (2) Does the Church authorize the consecration of lots in Protestant cemeteries, or in case of burial of a Catholic in such a cemetery, would she confine herself to the individual grave?*

PITTSBURG, PA.

J. P.

(1) Catholics should be buried in consecrated soil. This is the last earthly honor given to the faithful members of the Church. It is forbidden to bury Catholics in Protestant cemeteries, except in a few very special cases, and with the approval of the bishop of the diocese. The Second Plenary Council of Baltimore made an exception in favor of converts whose parents had a lot in a non-Catholic cemetery. Their burial in such a lot was tolerated in order to avoid greater evils.

(2) When Catholics are buried elsewhere than in consecrated cemetery, with permission of the bishop of the diocese, the priest who arranges for the funeral will be advised by the bishop what blessing may be given.

#### WHICH WAS FIRST?

*A Greek friend claims that the Greek Orthodox Church was established before the Roman Catholic, and that Constantine was of that faith before seceding. I claim that from the year 45, when Peter came to Rome, there was no change. Who established the Greek Orthodox Church?*

BOSTON, MASS.

E. J. C.

The Greek Orthodox Church had its beginning in the schism of Photius, who usurped the Patriarchate of Constantinople in 867 A.D., and was consummated by Michael Cerularius, Patriarch of the same city, in 1053 A.D. The Catholic Church, the center of whose authority was established in Rome by St. Peter himself about 45 A.D., was in existence for about 900 years before the beginning of the Greek Schism. Before the schism that part of Christendom which was in what is called the Near East was as truly Catholic as that part which was in the West. But it was

not a schismatic body until it repudiated the supreme authority of Christ's Vicar at Rome. If your friend refers to Constantine the Great he is mistaken, for Constantine died a Catholic in 337 A.D., four centuries before the beginning of the Greek Schism.

#### CATHOLIC BOOKS

*Please send me a list of stories written by Catholics and their prices. I am starting a Catholic library.*

W. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

O. H. L.

Write to The American Press, 461 8th Avenue, New York City, for Fr. Revilles list of Catholic books, published in 1918.

#### WEARING SCAPULAR

*Is it necessary for one who has been invested in the scapular of Our Lady of Good Counsel to wear the scapular constantly? Are there any special prayers to be said after investiture?*

DORCHESTER, MASS.

J. T. G.

The ordinary rule is that the scapular, or the scapular medal, must be worn constantly if one wishes to gain the indulgences attached to the scapular. The prayers, if any, will be found in the rules of the society.

#### SUFFICIENT AND EFFICACIOUS GRACE

*What are the definitions of sufficient grace and efficacious grace? Why are we told that sufficient grace leaves the soul to perish? Grace, then, does not always lead to salvation?*

MARLBORO, MASS.

C. R.

Grace in general is a supernatural help given to men by God in order to lead them to eternal life. By reason of the effect of grace theologians divide this supernatural aid into sufficient grace and efficacious grace. The first is a true grace from God which the soul does not correspond with; the second is always corresponded with and produces the effect intended. An instance of sufficient grace is a mission or retreat given in a parish, which a sinner perceives is intended by God for his conversion, but which he omits to utilize for no good reason whatever. God can say to him: "I called but you refused, I extended my hand but there was none who regarded." (Prov. 1:24.) If, however, the same sinner is moved to cooperate with the grace of the mission or retreat and regains the state of grace by a thorough conversion, the mission or retreat is for him an efficacious grace because it produced the effect intended by God. Merely sufficient grace, therefore, does not always lead to salvation because of the bad wills of men. Those who are truly humble and aware of the great mystery of divine grace shun such expressions as "sufficient grace leaves the soul to perish."



## MARTYRS: WIDOWS

(1) *Where may I obtain accounts of the Forty Martyrs of Uganda and Theophane Venard?* (2) *What is meant by the widow's curse?*

ST. LOUIS, MO.

R. A.

(1) Write to Maryknoll Press, Maryknoll, N. Y.

(2) Never heard of the cursing lady. But we presume it is one more superstition.

## SERPENT SPEAKING

*What device did the serpent use to tempt Eve in Eden? Surely, serpents can't speak.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. H.

The Biblical account of the temptation of Eve by the serpent is interpreted to mean that the devil, who "is the father of lies," used the serpent, which "was more subtle than any of the beasts of the earth," to deceive the wife of Adam. We are not obliged to believe that the serpent spoke from any power inherent in itself. God used an ass to rebuke the Prophet Balaam. (Num. 22:28.)

## MASS: MARRIAGE

(1) *Must persons say the Mass prayers during Mass, or if they wish to say the rosary, is that just as good as saying the Mass prayers?* (2) *A Catholic was married by a Lutheran minister, but is now divorced. Can he now turn back to the Catholic Church and also get married to a Catholic person?*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

E. J.

(1) Each one is free to use that method of hearing Mass which enables him to maintain the proper attention to what is taking place at the altar. In the nature of things praying in unison with the priest is preferable.

(2) Every sinner will gladly be welcomed back provided he is truly repentant. The question of his marriage will be decided by the matrimonial court of the diocese.

## LOSING FAITH

*I would love to have my old, simple faith back. Without it life is purposeless. It is horrible to think that we are but a heap of ashes, and death is the end of all. I want to believe, that is why I am writing.*

LYNN, MASS.

N. N.

Instead of answering your many difficulties we recommend that you first of all make a good confession of your sins, for in many instances the affections of our hearts interferes with our attitude of mind. Then pray humbly for light and direction, and endeavor with all your soul to cultivate virtue, for "he that doth truth cometh to the light." Your present mood must be entirely changed. It would be fruitless to answer all your questions now. Read "Rebuilding a Lost Faith," by John L. Stoddard, and see what a great man thought about what disturbs you. It can be obtained for 60 cents.

## MASS AND COMMUNION

(1) *Must a priest say Mass every day?* (2) *On Christmas and All Souls must every priest say three Masses, and must he receive Communion at each one?* (3) *May a lay person under any condition receive Communion more than once a day?* (4) *How many Masses may a priest say on Sunday, and how many times must he receive?*

BAY SHORE, N. Y.

E. S.

(1) There is no obligation by reason of his priesthood which obliges a priest to say Mass daily. But the common practice among priests is to say Mass daily. The Canon

Law prescribes the celebration of Mass on Sundays and Holy Days only.

(2) Priests are obliged to say Mass on Christmas, unless impeded, but not on All Souls. They are free to say one, or two, or three Masses on the above days. They must receive Communion as often as they say Mass, for Communion is the completion of the Sacrifice of the Mass.

(3) The ordinary rule is that a lay person may receive Holy Communion only once a day. An exception is Holy Viaticum in the danger of death, which is to be received even though Communion was received on the same day.

(4) For grave reasons a priest is allowed to say not more than two Masses on Sundays. The obligation to receive Communion is explained above.

## PRAYERS FOR INDULGENCES

(1) *I read that the new regulation requires us to say six Our Fathers, six Hail Marys, and six Glorias in order to gain the Portiuncula Indulgence. Was it necessary to say these prayers at each visit on All Souls day?* (2) *How many Our Fathers, etc., must be said in order to gain the indulgences of the Way of the Cross and of the prayer after Communion, "Look down upon me, etc."?* (3) *When it is necessary to pray for the intentions of the Holy Father in order to gain a plenary indulgence, how many prayers should be said?*

EL PASO, TEX.

H. A.

(1) Yes.

(2 and 3) No special prayers are prescribed for either of these indulgences. When no special prayers for the Pope's intentions are prescribed (as has been done with regard to the Portiuncula Indulgence), each one is free to say any number of vocal prayers. One Our Father, one Hail Mary, and one Gloria seems to be sufficient, though commonly five Our Fathers, five Hail Marys, and five Glorias are said.

## JAY WILLIAM HUDSON

*Is Jay William Hudson the real name of the author of "Abbe Pierre" and "Abbe Pierre's People"? Can you give me any additional information concerning him?*

STONEHAM, MASS.

M. E. H.

We recommend that you write for this information to the Literature Committee, N. C. W. C. Service, 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.

## THIRD ORDER OF ST. DOMINIC

*Where can I find complete information about the Third Order of Dominicans?*

HAMDEN, CONN.

J. D. B.

Communicate with The Dominican Fathers, St. Mary's Church, 5 Hillhouse Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

## ROYAL MARRIAGE

*I am enclosing a clipping from a Catholic paper in which it says that the Pope granted two concessions to King Boris of Bulgaria and Princess Giovanna of Italy, viz., that the heir could be reared an Orthodox believer, and that an Orthodox wedding service might follow the Catholic rite. I simply can't understand how the Pope could do that. Please explain.*

KITTANNING, PA.

E. B.

We cannot believe that such things found a place in a Catholic paper. If they did they were not according to the facts. King Boris was granted a dispensation by the Pope to marry Princess Giovanna, just as other non-Catholics are sometimes allowed to marry Catholics. The usual promises were given, viz., that all children would be baptized and edu-

cated as Catholics, and that the king would never interfere with the religious duties of his spouse. Moreover, both parties solemnly promised not to go through another marriage ceremony in the Orthodox Church after having been married at Asissi. That ceremony which took place in Sofia was merely a civil act of recognition regarding the Catholic marriage already contracted—a ceremony which has been erroneously, if not maliciously, interpreted as an Orthodox marriage service.

#### INSTRUCTIONS FOR HOLY COMMUNION

*Will you kindly give me some instructions for the proper reception of Holy Communion?*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

L. M.

You will find them in every prayer book.

#### MARRIAGE LAW

*Was a Catholic who married outside the Catholic Church previous to 1916 excommunicated? Was there a new law passed after 1916 whereby Catholics who married outside the Church had to marry again before a priest in order to be reinstated?*

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

J. D. C.

It was always unlawful for Catholics to marry outside the Church, but prior to 1908, not 1916, marriages of Catholics, in the Eastern States, were regarded as valid, but unlawful, provided there were no invalidating impediments. After 1908 no Catholic could marry validly except before a priest or bishop of the Church.

#### MISSING MASS: ATTENDING PROTESTANT SERVICES

*(1) Two girls work in the same office. It is impossible for both of them to hear Mass on Sundays. Is the girl who is able to attend Mass guilty of sin by not changing hours with the other girl, so that she may also attend? (2) Is it a sin for Catholics to attend Protestant services?*

LYNN, MASS.

G. W.

(1) It is no one's fault in case either is unable to attend Mass on days of obligation because of employment. The Church admits the necessity of gaining a livelihood as a sufficient excuse for not attending Mass. But in cities there is hardly a sufficient reason for anyone missing Mass, for the hours of Masses are arranged so that all may be able to fulfil their obligation. Masses are said from early morning to noon, and in some places even to a later hour.

(2) It certainly is a sin for Catholics to take active part in any kind of non-Catholic worship, for by so doing they join in a false religion. But for sufficient reasons it is permitted them to be present at some religious services, such as a funeral or wedding, conducted in non-Catholic churches, merely as a mark of respect, or for some similar reason.

#### SENDING CATHOLIC CHILDREN TO NON-CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

*Is it a mortal sin for a Catholic to send his children to a Protestant or non-Catholic school, as long as they go to Holy Communion often and attend Mass on days of obligation; in other words, do everything that the Catholic Church expects them to do?*

P. F. C.

The Church expects that parents shall obey her precepts. In the matter of education the Church commands parents to see that their children not only receive the Sacraments and attend Mass, but also that they receive a Christian education, which means to send them to a Catholic school. Where there are no Catholic schools it belongs to the bishop of the diocese to determine what schools may be attended by Catholic children without prejudice to their faith. For par-

ents to choose to send their children to other than Catholic schools, where there are Catholic schools, is certainly a grave violation of the Church's law.

#### ORIGIN OF RED INDIANS

*(1) Were the Indians of America descendants of Adam and Eve? (2) Where did they originally come from before Columbus discovered America?*

NORWICH, CONN.

T. T.

(1) All men are descended from Adam and Eve: "He hath made of one (pair) all mankind." (Acts 17:26.)

(2) Their original habitat is disputed among ethnologists. The stronger opinion favors Asia as their home. You will find an interesting article on this question in the Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. vii, p. 747.

#### WE DOUBT IT

*My little brother comes from school and tells me fantastic tales such as these: if a person holds his hands down while praying, the devil is uppermost in his heart; the Dead Sea is a modern example of God's wrath—birds flying over it drop dead; (I know a priest who once swam in it). When the little fellow goes into church he is rigid with fear. He is told that the Blessed Mother weeps every time a girl whistles. Why, that's my chief mode of expressing myself. Have nuns or priests any authority to do this in order to make children behave?*

ST. LOUIS, MO.

E. T.

Catholic morality holds that the end never justifies the means; and that telling lies, no matter how efficacious in arousing fear, is always sinful. We presume that you do not exaggerate, but we are strongly inclined to doubt the truth of these charges.

#### DISPOSITIONS FOR HOLY COMMUNION

*(1) Does swallowing saliva break the fast before Holy Communion? (2) If a person is in mortal sin, is there any way he can receive Holy Communion without going to confession? (3) Is it a mortal sin or a venial sin to go to Communion after having forgotten to tell a sin in Confession? (4) Is it a sin to marry a man of great wealth?*

CLAYTON, MO.

M. M. K.

(1) No.

(2) It is necessary to confess all mortal sins before receiving Holy Communion.

(3) Forgetfulness of a sin in Confession does not impede one from receiving the Eucharist. It is advisable, however, to go to Confession again before receiving, provided it is a mortal sin, and it can be done without inconvenience. Of course, the forgotten sin, if it is grave, must be told the next time one goes to Confession.

(4) By no means. There are a goodly number of women who would consider it a great stroke of luck.

#### PASSIONIST SISTERS

*(1) Are the rules of the Passionist Sisters similar to those of the Passionist Fathers? (2) Are they engaged in missionary work? (3) Where is the teaching order located?*

ST. LOUIS, MO.

M. W.

(1) The Passionist Sisters founded by St. Paul of the Cross, and called Daughters of the Cross and Passion, follow substantially the same rule as that of the Passionist Fathers, with the exception that they are strictly cloistered. (2) They do not engage in missionary work, but devote themselves to the contemplative life, and pray for the spread of devotion to Christ's Sacred Passion and the conversion of sinners.

(3) The teaching Sisters of the Passion were founded by Father Gaudentius, C.P., in England, where most of their convents are. Their only convent in this country is located at Assumption Convent, Dexter Street, Providence, R. I.

#### LITERATURE ON KLAN: EX-GOVERNOR SMITH

(1) *Where can I obtain some pamphlets on the Ku Klux Klan?* (2) *Do you think that Hon. Alfred Smith will run for President in 1932?*

JIM FALLS, WIS.

F. S.

- (1) Write to Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind.
- (2) We do not give political weather reports.

#### SCOPE OF PAPAL INFALLIBILITY

*Is the Pope infallible when he issues a code of laws for the Church?*

LODI, N. J.

I. C. H. S.

In order to answer this question it is necessary to distinguish between the various ecclesiastical laws. The Code of Canon Law contains laws, or canons, relating to faith, to morals, and to discipline. The laws containing definitions of faith and morals, such as communion under one species, and certain matrimonial impediments, are infallible and irreformable. Laws containing mere disciplinary precepts, such as the procedure to be followed in the election of bishops, are neither infallible nor immutable, but must be obeyed with Christian submission.

#### FASTING BEFORE MIDNIGHT MASS

*How long must one fast before receiving Communion at the midnight Mass on Christmas? I heard one person say that you must fast for at least six hours, while another said that you could eat until 11.30 P. M.*

BRIGHTON, MASS.

E. C.

The Eucharistic fast does not begin to bind till 12.00 midnight. Those who intend to receive Communion at the midnight Mass are urged—not commanded—to abstain from food for a few hours before.

#### JUDGMENT: EVOLUTION: REVELATIONS

(1) *Will the poor and ignorant be judged the same as the rich? It seems to me that the poor have not the opportunities of the rich to save their souls.* (2) *We are taught that Adam and Eve were made out of the slime of the earth. Why then does the Church say something like the theory of evolution may be taught?* (3) *Why is it that some of the spiritual writers say that we are not obliged to believe the private revelations made to saints?*

CINCINNATI, O.

E. R.

(1) Every soul will be judged according to the graces and opportunities which it enjoyed while living in the world. The accidents of birth, education and wealth will not influence the Just Judge, Who is "no respecter of persons." These advantages more probably will make it more difficult for people who enjoy them to save their souls, "for to whom much hath been given, much will be required." Christ loved the poor because they are more inclined to love Him for His own sake. They have nothing to draw away their hearts from His service. Concerning the wealthy, He said: "how hardly shall they who have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." But concerning the poor He said: "blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven." True, poor people are beset with all kinds of evils. But God will care for them beyond our knowing, if they cast all their care upon Him.

(2) The Church teaches nothing as of faith concerning the formation of Adam's body, but she does define that God

immediately created his soul. She does not object to the teaching of the theory which holds that the body of the first man probably evolved from some lower animal, provided that it is taught as a *theory*, and that along with it the ancient and almost universally accepted doctrine, which holds that the body, as well as the soul, of the first man was immediately created by God, is also taught.

(3) Private revelations made to holy persons merit respectful consideration from the faithful, but they do not become objects of faith. We have the deposit of faith in Holy Scripture and Tradition, interpreted infallibly by the Church. That alone is what God and the Church command us to believe.

#### REMAINING SINGLE

*I have read and also heard priests say that there are but two states of life—the religious state and the married state. I have remained single in order to care for my aged parents, although I had a chance to marry, but from what I have heard I doubt whether I have done wisely, and have even begun to think that I may have to give an account to God for remaining single. Will you kindly explain this matter?*

N. N.

There appear to be four well defined states of life given in Holy Scripture: the married state, the religious state of the vows, the clerical state, and the state of virginity in the world. Those who remain unmarried for the purpose of aiding their parents, as you have done, are worthy of praise. You ought not to think that your life has been wasted, for we only truly live when we sacrifice ourselves for others.

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE ON BIRTH CONTROL

*What council of the Church, if any, decreed on birth control; and, if so, in what words?*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

W. S.

No council of the Catholic Church has made any decree on birth control, as far as we know. The late Lambeth Conference of the Protestant Church treated of this burning question. The result of its deliberations was a weak concession in favor of birth control to those who practised it in "the light of Christian principles." The Catholic doctrine is given at great length in the papal encyclical issued last month. Birth control is shown to be a violation of both the natural law and the divine law, and because it is such the Pope condemns the practice with all the weight of his teaching authority.

#### PRIVATE REPLIES

To E. J. D.: The first marriage must be investigated by the matrimonial court of the diocese before an opinion can be given concerning the party's freedom to marry.

To H. M. D.: Your thought had no influence whatever on the premature events. But if you *really wished* it you were guilty of an uncharitable sin. Make a good confession and cease to worry.

To T. F., PITTSBURG, PA.: It certainly is gravely sinful. Confession of it must always be made before receiving Holy Communion.

To A. S.: The question of legitimacy depends upon several facts which you do not mention in your letter. The Church regards children as legitimate who are born of valid or putative marriage. A putative marriage is one in which one party at least is in good faith, and the marriage is performed publicly.

To J. M. R.: The man appears to be free to marry. His former matrimonial ventures must be revealed if marriage is contemplated. The priest who arranges for marriage will let you know what documents are necessary.



To L. T.: The signs you mention as having taken place give good ground for thinking that she is now in Heaven.

To B. B., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—See your pastor, or communicate with The Diocesan Board of Charities, 134 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

To A. S.—We cannot give you an opinion. Your status depends on the time when the marriage took place. Prior to 1908 mixed marriages performed outside the Catholic Church were regarded as unlawful, but valid, at least in this part of the country, provided there were no other invalidating impediments. Moreover, the Church regards children as legitimate provided one party, at least, was in good faith as to the validity of the marriage when it was celebrated.

#### GENERAL THANKSGIVING

M. F. H., SOMERVILLE, MASS. S. A. T., MT. VERNON, N. Y. O. J. F., OTTAWA, ONT., CAN. P., BROCKTON, MASS. F. G. B., PITTSBURGH, PA. M. V. M., ROXBURY, MASS. B. A. D., SARANAC LAKE, N. Y. A. M., WINNEBAGO, NEBR. M. M. K., WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS. E. S., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. M. S., DORCHESTER, MASS. R. McC., NEW YORK CITY. M. A. B., NO. TONAWANDA, N. Y. A. C., YONKERS, N. Y. E. E. R., WESTWOOD, N. J. M. S., G. B. A., LOUISVILLE, KY.

#### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M. J. A., PAWTUCKET, R. I. A. P. B., ALLSTON, MASS. N. C. D., RYE, N. Y. M. E. E., TRENTON, N. J. J. K., WILKES-BARRE, PA. M. P., WHITESTONE, N. Y. B. McG., QUEENS VILLAGE, N. Y. E. S., ST. ALBANS, N. Y. T. R., DUNKIRK, N. Y. M. C. R., MILTON, MASS. M. G. W., JAMAICA, N. Y. T. J. J., BOISE, IDAHO, N. S. BOSTON, MASS. W. H. McL., NEWARK, N. J. K. Q., DETROIT, MICH. M. S. McC., WEST PEABODY, MASS. F. P. R., JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS. ANON., M. A. B., NO. TONAWANDA, N. Y. E. S., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y. A. M., WINNEBAGO, NEBR. G. B. A., LOUISVILLE, KY. M. V. M., ROXBURY, MASS. M. M., MALDEN, MASS. M. L. B., C. V., INDIANAPOLIS, IND. J. D., M. A. H., E. M. P., SOMERVILLE, MASS. B. J. L., T. J. O'C., DORCHESTER, MASS. A. L. B., J. J. F., BROCKTON, MASS. E. H., J. McM., JERSEY CITY, N. J. S. M. I., M. N., E. C., ANON. M. A. G., E. T. C., F. J. R., J. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y. L. S., S. A. M., F. A. W., PHILA., PA. T. C., E. E. O'D., NEW HAVEN, CONN. M. K., R. McC., M. M. S., A. J. C., NEW YORK CITY. D. S., F. G. B., PITTSBURGH, PA. I. C., M. B. C., CHICAGO, ILL.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

## Communications

#### SINCERE THANKS!

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I congratulate you on the splendid magazine you are editing and I am sure it will prove a success and also a powerful influence in the great Catholic cause.

UNION CITY, N. J.

(REV.) H. D. GARTLAND.

#### APPRECIATED BY US

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Belated congratulations on the "new" SIGN. I think it is just fine; do not hesitate (and have recommended it as such) to say that it is the best Catholic magazine on the market. Keep up the good work.

BALTIMORE, MD.

J. GILLARD, S.S.J.

#### PHYSICIAN'S DUTY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your answer in the November issue of *THE SIGN*, as regards the position of a doctor attending an expectant mother, with every indication of a fatal termination for her, is very clear. I can now intelligently refute an argument I have heard among medical students again and again. As a future Catholic physician it has often given me food for thought. No one, I believe, can doubt the validity of your argument, unless they allow the element of selfishness to become paramount.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MEDICAL STUDENT.

#### ANOTHER CONTEMPTIBLE OUTFIT

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

An ad appears in one of New York's daily papers for a stenographer. A crowd of (300) girls apply for the position. Each one is interviewed and told that a stenographer has been engaged. The truth is none has been engaged. The fraudulent advertiser tells all the applicants that he is so touched by the enormous number of applicants for the position he has hit upon an idea of helping these poor unfortunate, down-trodden, oppressed, unemployed stenographers. His plan is to present each applicant with 25 tickets for a dance at his dance school where he conducts dancing lessons and they can keep the cash from the sale of these tickets to their friends. The scheme is to get a large gathering of people at these dances and try and induce some people to take up dancing as a profession and in this way draw possible prospective victims to their dance school. All it would cost this faker would be the cost of inserting the ad in the daily paper plus the cost of printing the tickets to hand out to his job seekers. Just a racket similar to that of the meanest man. Enclosed is one of the tickets for this supposed dance for unemployed stenographers. Authorized by, I suppose, the dance school racketeers. A new racket for all unemployed stenographers to beware of.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

J. J. G.

#### A PASSION PRAYER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In answer to the question asked by M. H. N., on page 351 of the January issue of *THE SIGN*, requesting the printing of a prayer in honor of The Sacred Passion, I am pleased to be able to enclose a copy of it. I do not remember what issue of the magazine this prayer appeared in, but after reading it I made several copies to give to friends.

Let me take this opportunity to tell you that I look forward to each number of *THE SIGN*, and am especially interested in The Passionists in China, and John Gibbon's articles.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

LORETTA CUNEEN.

#### ENCLOSURE

#### Prayer in Honor of the Sacred Passion

Through the merits of Jesus Christ, through Thy Holy Cross and Sacred Passion, through Thy Five Holy Wounds, the Wounded Knees, the Bleeding Knees, the Bleeding Back, the Holy Shoulders, the Sacred Side, the Venerable Head, and the Adorable Face, through Thy Death and Glorious Resurrection, and whatever is pleasing to Thee in Heaven and on earth, I humbly beg and entreat Thee, Dear Lord, to be merciful and gracious to me and grant my request. O Jesus hear me, O Jesus help me, O Jesus save me, O Jesus have mercy on me.

(Nine times daily for nine consecutive days.)

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Several other subscribers were kind enough to send us copies of the prayer.

## A LOYAL CATHOLIC SPEAKS

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I notice "D. L. Moody" in your Book Review and I am enclosing Gospel of St. John which I have had convenient for twelve or fifteen years. Had business at the Moody Institute one day and this, with several more, was handed me. The Institute is in the heart of Little Italy, planted there, not by accident, and certainly not by accident has that neighborhood been flooded with this cruelly misleading Gospel. Misleading, and wilfully mutilated. Stabbing our Blessed Lady to the heart, and making of Jesus a cruel and unmindful Son. With this—"The Emphasized Gospel of St. John—million edition"—before me, and the certain knowledge that it was published absolutely for our people, and particularly our unfortunate Italian immigrants, I have never been able to connect Methodist leaders with perfect honesty. I am sorry to part with the little book and you may return it if not too much trouble. What do you think of it?

You have certainly made THE SIGN a wonderfully interesting magazine and I would dearly love to send my usual hundred dollars this year, but my living depends on the rent of one flat and in six months my tenant has not been able to pay me a cent nor can I see any hopes of ever getting a cent: a splendid family, now eating the bread of charity—which simply means that, poorly as I can afford it, I must do my bit for the fellow less fortunate.

Since the War I have been giving the Holy Father twenty-five dollars every year and tomorrow I must cut it to five dollars.

In regard to the hundred I send yearly to China, I am a year and more ahead with my offerings, anticipating a time when it might be hard to keep it up. This is the time, and I thank God that I did get ahead of my schedule, but it is sad to know that in China the suffering is so much greater than here at home, and not be able to do a thing. To know, too, that there are tens of thousands who could give and don't, simply because they have never had it brought home to them that giving is the greatest of all investments.

CHICAGO, ILL.

J. M.

## AUTHORS, ATTENTION!

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Scribner's is trying to reach people who have stories to tell and who are not professional writers. That is the object of the enclosed news-story, and we call it to your attention only because it may interest readers of yours who could not be reached in any other way.

If you feel that we are appealing to you for the sake of publicity for *Scribner's Magazine*, please ignore the news-story. We feel that conventional literature is in a rut and that new vigor and life can come to it only from new sources. We are anxious to get in touch with the people who are living in America and creating it, and not merely writing about it. It is impossible to reach such people through the ordinary literary channels. We can only do it through the co-operation of publications such as yours which feel as we do that there is a genuine America waiting to be revealed.

NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

## THE HOLY MASS

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Some time ago I heard an instruction given by a missionary Father on the most stupendous action that can take place in the whole universe—The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—and how to assist at it so as to derive the greatest possible good. That instruction was an "eye-opener" to me. I have endeavored to put it in practice, and I must confess that I no longer assist at Holy Mass simply because I must, but because I feel that I need it, and that it means

something to me. And I can't understand why we have been left in ignorance concerning these all-important things. I now realize, as never before, that we Catholics possess the richest and the grandest treasures, but they are locked up—yes, locked up—in the "Daily Missal."

I know that one can satisfy his obligation of hearing Mass by being a mere "on-looker," like the gaping crowd on Calvary. I also know that during the Mass it is far better to say the Stations, and Litanies and Beads, and one's private devotional prayers, rather than to do nothing, but I know, too, that this is far from the ideal. And to make matters worse, there doesn't seem to be much encouragement along this line. Worse still, in some of our churches there seems to be done everything to oppose, or at least to prevent, one's taking an active part in the Mass.

Some of our churches are so poorly lighted during the early Masses that it is almost impossible to read one's Missal; whereas at the Rosary and Benediction services in the evening, when there is really no need to use one's Missal, the place is flooded with light. Fortunately, I am learning by heart those prayers of the Mass which are the same every day.

And how is it possible to try to unite and follow the priest with the appropriate prayers of the Mass whilst the congregation is rattling through, or droning the Rosary; or singing all kinds of hymns, beautiful and prayerful in themselves, but having no connection with what is going on at the altar!

Would it really be such a difficult matter to accustom the entire congregation to pray aloud certain prayers of the Mass? For instance, "I confess to Almighty God, etc.," whilst the priest is at the foot of the altar; "Lord have mercy on us, Christ have mercy on us," nine times alternately. After the priest has intoned the "Gloria," could not the congregation continue: "We praise Thee; We bless Thee, etc.," and thus actively assist at the Mass.

And when once the congregation is accustomed to pray these proper prayers during the Mass, they will realize how out of place are all other prayers during the Sacrifice. Then, too, they will appreciate the fact that the proper time to receive Holy Communion is at the Communion time during the Mass, and not before. When people habitually present themselves for Holy Communion before Mass, without a real necessity, they are separating themselves from the Sacrificial Act. Their Communion is then, a private act, having no connection with the Sacrifice of the Mass—and the Holy Mass is for them then a mere side issue.

Why should the faithful separate themselves from the hierarchy in this? Does the Pope, the Bishops, and the Priests partake of the Sacrificial Banquet before the *Sacrifice* has been offered? Are the laity better than the Pope, Bishops and Priests? If the Church tolerates the giving of Holy Communion outside the Mass, her intention is for a real and urgent necessity only.

I feel confident that the present existing deplorable conditions will gradually disappear, and there will be a notable increase of faith, piety and fervor. Then will our people realize the truth of the words of Pope Pius X that "The most suitable of all manners of attending Mass is to offer it together with the Priest, reflecting on the Sacrifice of the Cross, and partaking of the Sacrificial Banquet by receiving Holy Communion."

SCRANTON, PA.

GEORGE F. STUCKART.

## HOME AND HOME BREW

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wish to compliment you and all the staff for the excellent magazine you are putting in the hands of Catholic readers. The article on Home and Home Brew is one of the best I have read in years dealing with the unfortunate "Noble Experiment." All the other articles are very excellent and constructive and deserve a most extensive circulation.

ERIE, PA.

(Rt. Rev.) P. M. CAULEY.

# IT HAPPENED IN FEBRUARY

## *Fra Giovanni's Notes on This Month's Anniversaries of Persons and Events*

### February First

525—Traditional date of death of St. Bridget of Ireland.

1691—Death of Pope Alexander VIII.

1836—Bishop Lefebure de Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston, afterwards Bishop of Bordeaux, France, created a Cardinal.

1886—Pope writes letter to Emperor of China on subject of Missions.

1906—French police and Republican Guards expel congregation from Church of St. Clotilde, Paris.

### February Second

962—Emperor Otho crowned at Rome by Pope John XII. Foundation of Holy Roman Empire, which on its dissolution centuries after the "reformation" was said to be no longer Holy or Roman or an Empire.

1801—Birth of Louis Amadeus Rappe, first Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio. Strong advocate of temperance reform.

1831—Election of Pope Gregory XVI.

1857—Order of Sisters of the Good Samaritan founded by Archbishop Polding, O.S.B., in Sydney, Australia.

1864—Death of Adelaide Anne Procter, poetess and convert. Friend of Charles Dickens.

1871—Demonstrations in Brussels, Belgium, in favor of Pope's Temporal Power.

1908—Death in Waterford, Ireland, of Nellie Organ, "Little Nellie of Holy God."

1911—Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Compassion for the return of England to the Catholic Faith, the scope of prayers extended from England to the whole English-speaking world.

### February Third

865—Death of St. Anskar, Apostle of Sweden.

1857—Death of Robert Wilberforce, son of William Wilberforce, the philanthropist to whom was largely due the end of the slav-

ery system. The son was a convert, dying while actually studying for the priesthood.

1899—Pope creates Aleppo an Archbishopric of the Armenian Rite, which makes it a Metropolitan See of no less than six different Catholic Rites.

### February Fourth

560—Death of Pope Pelagius I.

1557—Papal Bull makes Gao an Archbishopric. The metropolis of the old Portuguese Empire of the East.

1612—Death of St. Joseph of Leonissa, a missionary to the Christian galley-slaves under the Turks.

1693—Death of St. John de Britto, a Jesuit missionary to Madura on the Pearl Coast of India. One of the most famous of Jesuit missionaries.

1891—English Parliament rejects Mr. Gladstone's Bill to permit a Roman Catholic to become Lord Chancellor of England or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

### February Fifth

1597—Execution on Mount of the Martyrs, Nagasaki, Japan, of St. Philip of Jesus, patron saint of Mexico City. Also of twenty-six other missionaries who were crucified.

1798—Death at Newhouse, county Durham, England, of "the Rev. Mr. Ferdinand Ashmall, the Roman Catholic clergyman who lived till the age of 104."

1840—Curious disappearance of Father Thomas from Capuchin Convent at Damascus. The Mahomedans took advantage of his disappearance to initiate severe anti-Jewish riots with a good deal of looting, after which the embassies of the various Powers that were interested in a possible disappearance of Turkey made quite an international business out of the thing, the unfortunate Friar whom in life nobody had ever heard of becoming with death a figure of European interest.

### February Sixth

488—Death of St. Mael, first Bishop of Ardagh, Ireland. A companion of St. Patrick.

1765—Pope Clement XIII sanctions Devotion of the Sacred Heart.

1825—Death of John Connolly, Second Bishop (there was then no Archbishop) of New York. Born in Meath, Ireland, it was he who introduced the Sisters of Charity to the United States.

1922—Pius XI elected Pope.

### February Seventh

302—Traditional date of the martyrdom of St. Chrysolius of Comines, who founded the first Church dedicated to Our Lady in Flanders. He is said to have been scalped in derision of his tonsure.

1478—Birth of Blessed Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England. (Query 1477.)

1878—Death of Pope Pius IX, "Pio Nono," aged 85.

1906—Famous Cardinal Mercier succeeds Cardinal Goossens as Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium.

### February Eighth

1840—Born at Limerick, Ireland, Thomas Joseph Dowling, future Bishop of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

1868—Pope sends Golden Rose to the Queen of Spain.

1872—Death of Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore, Primate of U. S. A.

1878—Sacred College meets to decide place of Conclave for Papal Election. In the then state of Italian politics, Spain, Malta and Monaco were each proposed, the voting, however, being 32 to 5 in favor of Rome.

1893—Unveiling in Dublin, Ireland, statue of Father Matthew, the Apostle of Temperance.

1908—King and Queen of England attend Requiem Mass at St. James' Catholic Church, Spanish Place, London, for murdered King of Portugal. Said to be first time



since the "reformation" that an English sovereign had officially attended a Mass.

### February Ninth

249—Traditional date of the death of St. Apollonia, patroness of those afflicted by toothache, the Martyr having been tortured by the drawing out of all her teeth.

1580—Jesuit missionaries say Mass for first time in Sarangpur, India.

1621—Election of Pope Gregory XV.

1703—Papal Legate to India and China leaves Europe on the French ship "Murepas," reaching Pondicherry in India on November 6, nine months later.

1882—Death of Margaret Haughery, the "Mother of the Orphans." Born in Ireland, she emigrated to America and, starting in New Orleans, dedicated her life to the founding of orphan asylums. Her monument in Margaret Place, New Orleans, is said to be the first public monument to a woman ever erected in the United States.

### February Tenth

731—Death of St. Gregory II, the Pope who sent St. Boniface to the "wild nations of Germany."

1354—"Town and Gown" riots at Oxford, England, one of the frequently recurring disputes between the University and the City. This special riot resulting in several casualties, the Mayor was ordered by way of Penance to attend St. Mary's University Church on each anniversary of the day, there to listen in state to the Litany.

1766—Father Sheehy put on trial for "treason." A celebrated Irish political case, the sole evidence against the priest being that of several women of the town. Acquitted, but immediately put on trial again and this time with a "packed Jury." Naturally found "guilty." A popular legend that survived in Catholic Ireland for many years was that not one of the perjured jurors died a natural death.

1880—Papal Encyclical on Christian Marriage, insisting on the inviolability of the Contract.

1922—Malta consecrates itself to the Sacred Heart.

### February Eleventh

1304—Blessed Benedict XI, a Dominican Pope, confirms the Servite Order, founded in 1233 and now over 10,000 strong.

1612—Bishop O'Devany of Down and Connor, Ireland, arrested while giving Confirmation, hanged, cut down alive, and quartered by orders of the English Vice-roy.

1829—Arrival at Buenos Ayres of Father Patrick Moran, sent out by Archbishop Murray of Dublin to attend to the small Irish Colony there. The Irish had gone out for the fighting of the Wars of Independence against Spain.

1858—First mention of Blessed Bernadette of Lourdes.

1868—Death in Paris of Jean Bertrand Leon Foucault who by inventing an automatic regulator for the feed of the Davy arc lamp made electric lighting practicable.

1885—Death of Cardinal McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin, aged 69.

1929—Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, and Cardinal Gasparri and Signor Sussolini sign the Lateran Treaty establishing Vatican City.

### February Twelfth

1817—Bernard O'Higgins wins battle of Chacabuco in Chile and so breaks the Spanish domination and virtually founds the modern republic.

1865—Mr. Gladstone, the famous Protestant statesman of Victorian England, calls at York Place, the then residence of the Archbishops of Westminster, to pay his formal respects to the dying Cardinal Wiseman. Enormous sensation in the English papers.

1926—Statue unveiled in cemetery of Père Lachaise, Paris, to Canon Rousselot, the priest-scientist whose instruments located the giant long-range gun, "Big Bertha," with which the Germans in the War had bombarded the capital from an enormous distance.

### February Thirteenth

1541—Death of Catherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII of England, the "reformer-King." Her death was by execution on the orders of her widower.

1583—Leaves Gravesend, England, the first English commercial "adventure" for India, prompted by letter of Father Stevens, a Jesuit missionary at Goa.

1829—Born at Nottingham, England, future Cardinal Howard, who before taking Orders had been an officer in the Life Guards, the corps d'elite of the English Army.

1873—Papal Brief establishes

Vicariate Apostolic for Swiss Canton of Geneva.

1883—Death of Father Pendola, aged 83. Founded Institute for the Vocal Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb.

### February Fourteenth

1796—Papal Brief confirms College at Stonyhurst, the famous English School for Catholics, the education of all the older Catholic-founded "Public Schools" having with the centuries of persecution lapsed into Protestant hands.

1877—Death of Professor James Burton Robertson, the famous historian. Pope Pius IX granted him the honorary title of Doctor of Philosophy.

1895—"Truth," a well-known London paper of avowedly no creed of any sort, attacks as a matter of duty the "Protestant Truth Society" for failing to show any balance-sheet of its subscribers' accounts.

### February Fifteenth

1113—Pope Paschal II takes under immediate protection the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

1603—Venerable William Richardson tried—and of course condemned and executed—at Old Bailey, London, on charge of "being a priest." Said to be the last Martyr who suffered under Queen Elizabeth, "Good Queen Bess."

1822—Pope re-establishes See of Annecy which since 1801 had been merged with Chambéry and Geneva. Scene of labors of St. Francis de Sales.

1862—Archbishop Falinski, the new Archbishop of Warsaw, Poland, after the imprisonment by the Russians of the last Archbishop, now urges the Poles for their own sake to submit in matters temporal to Russia. He too is afterwards banished from his own country.

### February Sixteenth

309—Bishop Pamphilus of Caesarea put to death. Founded the first Christian Library. About 30,000 volumes.

1530—Papal Bull confirms the Coronation of Emperor Charles at Aix-la-Chapelle.

1547—Burial of Henry VIII of England, "Bluff King Hal," survived by one wife.

1814—Propaganda in Rome enjoins on Catholics in England to accept the very limited degree of Toleration now proposed for them by English Parliament.

1915—Death of Monsignor Bermy, Vicar Apostolic of South West Magnolia.

#### February Seventeenth

1126—Pope approves Order of St. Norbert, the Premonstratensian Canons. Their chief house in England was Welbeck Abbey, now of course in the famous "Dukeries," a cluster of great properties belonging to various English Dukes but now mainly retained to be shown as a sight to American tourists in Charabancs.

1528—Invading armies leave Rome. (This was the occasion of the deathless stand of the Pope's Swiss Guard.)

1810—States of the Church seized by Napoleon and temporarily attached to France.

1820—Born Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec, Canada. Died 1898.

1842—First Community of Passionists in England take over Aston Hall, Stone, Staffordshire. Said to be first Community in England since the "reformation" to wear the religious habit in public.

1888—Birth of Father Ronald Knox, son of Protestant Bishop of Manchester, England. Received into the Church September, 1917.

#### February Eighteenth

1529—Serious illness of Pope Clement VII.

1546—Death of Martin Luther.

1793—National Convention of the French Revolution votes one hundred livres to whoever "denounces a priest."

1895—Lord Acton, the famous scholar, appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, England. The first Catholic to be appointed to a University Chair since the "reformation."

#### February Nineteenth

1512—Julius II, the Pope who in 1506 laid the first stone of the new St. Peter's, founds the Capella Julia to perform all choir duties at St. Peter's—a sort of musical school for the Sistine Chapel.

1549—English Parliament now "permits" its Anglican clergy to marry, "that state being less evil than compulsory chastity."

1882—Ordination of John Grimes (born at Lisnagry in Ireland), future Bishop of Syracuse, U. S. A.

1893—Papal Jubilee. Peter's Pence totals \$1,319,800 from the Catholic world.

#### February Twentieth

687—Death of St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne, England. His shrine in Durham Cathedral being for centuries a great centre of devotion, till at the "reformation" it was plundered by Doctor Lee, Doctor Hanley, and Mr. Blithman, the "special commissioners" of Henry VIII.

1798—Person of Pius VI, aged 80, seized by Napoleon "the Great" and the Pope taken as a prisoner to Florence.

1878—Cardinal Pecci elected as Leo XIII.

1903—Leo XIII celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Reign. Seventy thousand persons present in St. Peter's. A Tiara of Gold presented to him by the subscriptions of the Catholic world.

#### February Twenty-first

1513—Death of Pope Julius II.

1595—Hanged at Tyburn, London, Venerable Father Southwell, a Jesuit Martyr. Before his execution he was racked for seven hours. In all had been tortured thirteen times, Mr. Topcliffe, Elizabeth's own sworn torturer, writing especially to "Good Queen Bess" about certain new tortures that he had invented for this Catholic priest.

1733—Pope orders 40,000 crowns from Apostolic Chamber to be paid to Propaganda especially earmarked for missions to Scotland and Ireland.

1801—Birth of Cardinal Newman, the famous English convert.

#### February Twenty-second

1076—The Excommunication by Pope of Henry IV, the Emperor of Germany.

1300—Bull of Pope Boniface VIII offers Plenary Indulgence to Pilgrims to Rome. Two hundred thousand foreigners avail themselves of it.

1703—Irish Catholics petition their Parliament against a new law forbidding any Papist to reside in Limerick or Galway. Petition naturally rejected.

1857—Death of Joseph Crétin, first Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota. On arrival at St. Paul's, his "cathedral" had been a log hut, but within five months he had raised a brick building.

1883—Heart of Pope Pius IX solemnly deposited in a marble urn in the vaults of St. Peter's, Rome.

#### February Twenty-third

1447—Death of Pope Eugenius IV.

1532—Lutheran Protestants of Münster in Westphalia tear down the Blessed Sacrament and trample upon it publicly in the "name of Liberty and Religion."

1649—Rinuccini, the Papal Nuncio to Ireland, leaves Galway for Rome.

1741—Papal Bull forbids priests to engage themselves in secular work.

1829—Future Wilhelm IV of England, speaking as the Duke of Clarence in the English House of Lords on the proposed Catholic Relief Laws, apologizes that the Relief was "not a concession to the Roman Catholics," but rather an Act for "altering their present state of degradation."

1858—Seventh Apparition of Our Lady of Lourdes.

1892—Death of Cardinal Mermillod, the champion of Catholicism in Switzerland.

#### February Twenty-fourth

1296—Boniface VIII, the Pope who added the second crown of the Temporal Power to the Papal Tiara issues a Bull forbidding the clergy to pay taxes to the secular authority when the money was obviously going to be used for the purpose of making War.

1582—Reform of the Calendar by Gregory XIII, the new reckoning, of course, being our Gregorian Calendar.

1743—Proclamation in England for putting into execution the laws against Papists and for commanding all Papists and reputed Papists to depart from London and from Westminster and from ten miles of their borders and for confining all Papists and reputed Papists to their registered habitations.

1887—Hierarchy of India proclaimed by Papal Delegate in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Allahabad.

#### February Twenty-fifth

717—Empress Theodosia enters the Religious State.

1570—Pope St. Pius V excommunicates Queen Elizabeth of England for having infringed the spiritual liberty of her subjects.

1847—Apostolic Decree regulates the Congregations of the Trappists. Seven hours for sleep, seven for the Divine Office, one for meals, four for study, and five

hours for manual labor being their Rule.

1887—Death of first Bishop of Walla-Walla, Nesqually, Washington. In 1850 the See of Walla-Walla had been superseded by that of Nesqually, with headquarters at Fort Vancouver. The Bishop had built a Cathedral of logs, and also his own Episcopal "Palace."

#### February Twenty-sixth

1539—Site of Welbeck Abbey, England (see February 17), now granted to Richard Whalley, one of the richest and most notorious of the "reformation" politicians.

1846—Edict of the Emperor of China now restores Christian property to native Christians. It had previously been automatically confiscated on conversion.

1863—New law in Mexico suppresses all religious communities of women.

1878—Death of Father Secchi, an eminent Italian scientist and astronomer.

1904—Pope Pius X empowers the Commission for Biblical studies

to grant degrees in Scripture to priests already Doctors in Theology.

#### February Twenty-seventh

1560—Treaty of Berwick (the Border Town between England and Scotland) omits the usual phrase "for the maintenance of the Christian religion" as having a Popish flavor.

1841—Publication of Newman's famous "Tract 90." This was the future Cardinal Newman but still unconverted and an Anglican clergyman, and his Tract 90 was the one that practically split the Church of England.

1862—Death of St. Gabriel, a Passionist student who was afterwards canonized.

1872—English Hierarchy addresses to Queen Victoria its congratulations upon the recovery of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII.

1889—First Synod of Diocese of Alton, U. S. A.

#### February Twenty-eighth

1759—Clement XIII, the Pope

who formally approved the devotion of the Sacred Heart, now orders the Bible to be translated into every language in the world.

1813—Monster meeting in Dublin petitions the Prince Regent of England (the notorious George IV) as to Catholic grievances in Ireland.

1875—Jesuits' College in Buenos Ayres attacked by anti-clerical mob and set on fire. Several priests killed.

1887—Death of Cardinal Jacobini, who had negotiated the arbitration between Spain and Germany as to the Caroline Islands in the Pacific.

#### February Twenty-ninth

Many readers thought that I couldn't do this, but I can.

1832—St. Patrick's, Manchester, England, opened by Bishop Penswick, the Vicar Apostolic of the Lancashire District, the Hierarchy not being restored in England until 1850.

(Though I admit it isn't much of a date.

## Brother Sparrow

By C. J. FALK, S.S.

THE Sparrows have a cloister on our ivied garden wall.  
They are vagrant little friars, but I find them if I call  
When the vesper bells are pealing and the sun rays stretching long,  
Make just enough of light for them to read their evensong.

Then what choppy high-pitched chatter do they merrily indulge,  
While each hunts his living quarters where the leafy branches bulge;  
And I listen and I wonder what all these scoldings mean,  
Why it takes them long to settle and to hide among the green.

When the resting Sun has drawn the quilt around his golden hair  
Brother Sparrow sends his final chirp a-floating on the air;  
And while eight benighted pass, no sound comes from his home.  
But when Brother Sun arouses fresh, he rouses not alone.

For the Prefect of the Sparrows passes by the leafy doors  
To awaken all the Brothers for their daily round of chores.  
Yet before they set a hand to work, their Matins do they sing,  
And they make their Morning Offering before they're on the wing.

I am lonely in the Autumn when the Brothers move away.  
They are noisy little neighbors, but I would have them stay  
To call me in the winter months to Matins and to Prime,  
And bid me join their praises as they do in summer time.



# A Big Man in a Small House

By ROBERT PETROCK

**Y**OU tell me you don't know this about Bob? Why, I should say everybody did. Bob never made any bones about it, which, as I would say, surely argues that. . . . Halt, this might be like putting the cart in front of the horse.

You remember Bob in Paris, don't you? Years and years ago it must have been. Some details about him just grew on one, didn't they? You saw that giant stroll along Rue de la Paix (incongruous, but then any town in Europe seemed just a little too small for Bob!), hatless, the sun all over his dark golden hair and something like very fine irony in his blue eyes and his firm mouth; you noted the gait and the bearing, and you would say to yourself, "Ah, there goes a big man." And when you got to know Bob, you would say again, "Ah, I sure have a big man for a friend."

A rather quiet youth, spent in California, and then in Paris. Well, Bob Palmer may have walked hatless and coatless about the streets of Paris, but the Latin Quarter was not much to his liking. He studied in the Galleries. He worked at home. And worked hard at that, just as though he realized he had to make the most of his limited talents. No, my lad, as a painter Bob could not have gone very far. And he knew that. Anyway, he did not go into painting for the sake of dollars and cents. His old father back home saw to these—abundantly.

One spring morning, Bob took me by storm. He rushed into the room, nearly made me knock over my precious microscope.

"Got two horses outside, Bill," he flung at me; "what about a ride in the Bois! Must have a talk with you, what?"

I'd then known Bob off and on for three years and you could not say "no," when he came along asking something, whether your company or the loan of the latest novel. I was busy, but there, you see, that spring morning urged and Bob urged and I jumped into the saddle with hardly any misgivings about a palpably wasted morning.

We were well on our way to the

Bois, when Bob bent forward, gave me a rather peculiar look and said very simply: "I've fallen in love, Bill. She's about the only woman there. And—"

He broke off. I made no comment.

Now Bob was twenty-four, rich, clever, clean-limbed, clean-minded, but very much apt to run away after whatever seemed to stay his wildly roaming fancy. He'd been in love before, quite three or four times, but on those occasions his manner had been different. Now, as it seemed to me, he meant business, in dead earnest, too. Yet Paris was Paris. His father was very much his father. Little as I knew old Palmer way back at 'Frisco, I could not easily see him accepting a French daughter-in-law with open arms. Old Palmer loved his money and his dignity, but he was a hundred and fifty per cent. American. So I said nothing. And Bob went on:

"You'd think me an utter fool, Bill! I daresay I am! But there, it is. I'd go straight to the dogs unless I get her."

I put in: "You might tell me who she is, unless you'd rather not."

"Why, of course. Mary McCulloch. Know her, don't you?"

I nearly jumped off my saddle.

"Here, steady on, my boy! Sure, you don't mean it?" I tried to speak levelly.

And Bob's blue eyes froze.

"Sure I do," he retorted defiantly.

"What's wrong with it, anyhow?"

"Oh, absolutely nothing," I murmured a bit insincerely.

"Now, don't you stare at me like that! You weren't in Paris at that time, were you? Well, Mary McCulloch was just Mary McCulloch. An orphan living rather quietly with a maiden aunt just off Place Vendôme. Very rich and very exclusive, but, mark it, the sort of girl who made you feel proud you were her countryman. Get me? Of money she had more than plenty, but a frock, worn once, would not be thrown away by her simply because she had once worn it and got tired of it. Oh yes, I knew the McCullochs by hearsay, both aunt and niece. They went about—not a single effort in them to

create impressions—yet did not create them. You would remember the old dame's courtesy, the girl's cool and easy sweetness. You would think of fragrant spring fields way back in California, an old rose garden and suchlike things. You ended by being glad that a couple of genuinely decent American women had chosen Paris as their resting place. They were not loud. They hushed you into a gratefully subdued mood. But Bob . . .

"Met her?" I asked, having somewhat recovered from my bewilderment.

"Oh, several times," answered Bob, "at one party, at another. Also at Madeleine. Old Frobisher introduced me. And now I'm in a fix. To tell you the honest truth, old man, I'm just about afraid to go and ask her straight."

"Think she'd turn you down?" I suggested.

He hung his head.

"Not quite. But, somehow, oh, Bill, do be honest. Think I'm good enough for her?"

I might have said I thought he'd be good enough for anybody, but I remembered an occasional streak of vanity in him and merely replied: "Have a try so long as you're sure it's the real thing that's got hold of you."

**H**e flung back his dark golden head. "The real thing, Bill," he echoed. "Why, ever since I met her first, I knew. Can't tell you why exactly. Seems to me you can never get the right words for this kind of thing. I just love her and that about covers it."

"Yet you didn't seem quite certain at first," I dropped cautiously.

He swung round.

"About her, Bill, that's all."

I stretched out my hand. "Here's all of the best to you," I said warmly. "Just buck up and go ahead. Your governor will be pleased. And she's a downright good Catholic at that."

He nodded.

Well, in about a week, all the Americans in Paris knew. Bob walked enraptured. Of course, I did not see too much of him in those days, but

the old lady in a tiny house off the Place Vendome took a fancy to me ever since Bob brought me along to dine one summer evening. I do remember that dinner so well. There sat Mary McCulloch, shy, cool, simple in her plain pale blue frock, her dark grey eyes always on Bob, her small

perfectly shaped face all roseate with excitement she was genuine enough not to hide. Across the table her aunt sat, her friendly old face smiling at the three of us, candlelight over the cream lace on her shoulders and over her silver hair.

We did not talk much about Paris

that night, but all about home and the wonderful rose garden they were going to plant and the old Palmer house and their joint plans for the future. And I remember soft candlelight playing over the big sapphire on Mary's left hand.

**A**ND, after dinner, when Bob importantly busied himself over coffee and the old lady watched him a little bemused, Mary McCulloch drew me aside onto the balcony.

"For just a second," she murmured. "You're one of Bob's closest friends here and you seem glad that we've . . ."

"I am," I said quite boldly. "There's a whole lot in Bob, but he needs someone like you, Miss McCulloch."

"He does," she acquiesced. "I've told him already. His painting. . . He'd never do much with that. He's clever, but not too clever. He'll never grow up, you see," she blushed and then went on: "I've got heaps of plans, Mr. Stewart. All about that place of his. We've so much money, both he and I, and we'll have to use it. I want to see a big school there and a convalescent home and other things. I've already written to some sisters I know in Texas. I so want to do things. And I've studied medicine, quite a lot of it in Paris."

"Bob likes the idea?" I questioned. She smiled.

"Rather. Seemed quite novel to him. And don't you think it'll fill our lives up to the brim?"

"He's a big man," I said very earnestly. "A big man living in a rather small house, Miss McCulloch. His little painting, his desultory reading, his few hobbies and suchlike. But I guess you'll make him grow and expand, you'll just put him into a big house."

"I mean to," she laughed happily. "Mr. Stewart, you'd think me no end of a silly sentimentalist, but I mean to do it all just because he's come to mean so much."

And then we got back into the drawing room.

"Isn't she a God's marvel?" Bob enthused on our way back. "Bill, what in heaven's name have I done to deserve her?"

"Live up to her ideals," I suggested. "She means you to be busy. What do you think of all her plans, eh?"

And then he went on talking and talking, and there was just no stopping him.

He'd lived his whole life uselessly till he met Mary, see? He'd thought



Mary saw him off at Cherbourg

he'd make good in painting and it was nothing but empty vanity. But Mary saw he'd a glimmering of organizing ability in him and didn't I think that was the job for him? Why, there lay all that land in California and they'd use every blessed acre of it fittingly. And didn't I think she was clever? Why, she'd really done marvels with her medicine studies. He quite thought he'd better take it up, too, to keep pace with her, as it were. And then he came to a halt:

"Oh Bill, I guess there's nothing left for me to wish for."

"Cabled your father?" I asked.

He nodded.

"His idea is that I should come back first and Mary a little later. Neither of us wants to get married here. No place like home for a real honeymoon."

I laughed.

"You're getting as bad as your old dad; about a hundred and fifty per cent. American."

He grinned.

"Well, there's Mary, too."

So a few weeks passed. Old man, if that girl was good, she was clever, too. No man likes the notion of being led by a woman. Well, she led him, fed him on big ideas, one more worthwhile than the other, but in such a way as not to make him realize she was doing it. So it would be:

"Bob, dear, what about that yesterday talk of ours? Don't you remember? Quite a good scheme to get so and so from that London hospital. . . . Didn't they tell you they made a specialty of it? Capital!"

Or else: "Bob, darling, I'm quite out of my depths with this book. You know French so much better than I do. Just make this passage plain, will you, please?"

Yes, a few weeks went by. Then a sudden cable from 'Frisco. Don't you remember old Palmer's death? Came like a thunderbolt. And Bob had to sail back at a moment's notice. Of course, they had to postpone the wedding. Mary saw him off at Cherbourg. He went, his trunks packed with plans and estimates. He told her he'd start looking round for things as soon as the estate was settled. And Mary went back to Paris.

And now, mark you well! You knew as well as I did, Bob had been "quite head over ears in love" three or four times before he met Mary. And you know that one short-lived infatuation had been Nita Lucrue.

Don't make a face, old man. Of course, Nita was a rotter and the whole of Paris knew it. Yet she attracted and promised and eluded him. Don't you remember Laval's portrait? That green and scarlet wrap thrown onto a black couch, and Nita, clad in an orange wisp of a garment, curled up, her slender arms and green-silken legs coiled snake-wise, so terribly repellent, so terribly alluring. That hard red mouth, those hard green eyes, those cruel over-manicured fingers, slender, provoking. . . . When Bob had fallen in love with her, his momentary wildness had nothing interesting for its background, so she threw him over as nonchalantly as she'd toss aside a faded flower.

But now things were different. Now there stood Mary McCulloch in Bob's life. This certainly added zest to the situation, as viewed from Nita's angle.

You didn't know, did you? Of course not. You were out in the wilds of Australia then. Well, Nita launched her heavy artillery by booking a berth on Bob's liner. She, too, sailed from Cherbourg.

I wasn't there, but in the light of what happened later, I can see the whole picture. Nita, here, there and everywhere, exquisitely clad and scented, the light of battle in her half-closed green eyes, getting hold of Bob in a way none but herself could have done. . . . Huh. . . . I might have wrung that woman's neck, I tell you. Oh, yes, the whole pattern was there! Hadn't he told her once he loved her? Ah, she had never forgiven herself for treating him so lightly. She hadn't realized what a big man he was. Why, his painting was marvelous. Yet, she had heard that he thought of giving it up! Why, it would be absolute sin. You couldn't bury God's gifts in you. No, she positively thought she had been wrong. She understood his art—now. She'd been wicked. And now his art would die, all through her fault. . . . She felt like a murderess. Couldn't he argue with the girl he was engaged to, make her see what his art really meant to him? Probably, that girl had no breadth of vision in her.

AND so on and so on! Can you see Nita on board a liner, with no possible rival near them, Nita at her most ravishing best, talking sheer undiluted flattery, sheer shameless flattery by the hour, day in, day out! And that to poor Bob with the very

perilous streak of vanity in him!

Oh well, I'd hate wasting words on this episode. The liner got to New York. They came ashore—together. They got married. By a justice of the peace. He had the negative decency to write to Mary. He never wrote to me.

I heard of it through an acquaintance. I was not quite certain if Mary would see me, yet I went to the house off La Place Vendome just the same.

She saw me all right.

She must have cried for hours and hours, but she seemed quiet enough when I came, though her mouth trembled, as she said:

"Poor Bob! And all my dreams of having him put into a big house."

"Poor Bob!" I echoed. "Why, I reckon he is an absolute rotter."

She shook her head.

"Not quite! I'd say he was mad. He hasn't hurt me as much as himself. Think of it. A Catholic married by a justice of the peace!"

"He's not married to her," I broke out. "Miss McCulloch, Nita Lucrue is a divorced woman."

She said nothing at all.

I knew what she felt like. And I hold today that Bob (Palmer) was a rotter not because he had chosen to run mad where his soul was concerned, but because of the hurt he had dealt Mary McCulloch. It seemed to me it was a sort of a hurt which could not be healed. Not that she ever spoke of it. Merely went on with her studies. And do you know she'd never as much as mention Bob to me.

I STAYED on in Paris and about six months later, a letter addressed in Bob's familiar sprawling hand, drifted into my flat. Bob wrote from 'Frisco.

"Nita left me about a month ago. She's in Nevada now and will get a divorce in no time. Old man, I was an utter cad. . . . I was mad, I've no idea what possessed me. Nita flattered me into this terrible experiment. She kept talking to me about my art. Said she'd commit suicide if I gave it up. And I believed all she said. . . . Believed her when she told me she had always loved me. She never had. After about two months she told me she cared for me as for an old straw hat. And now she's gone. I'm glad of it. She well-nigh ruined me with her extravagances, but I didn't mind this as much as the other thing. Bill, I behaved like a criminal. If only Mary could have me back. I'm be-



ginning to feel this would be my salvation and nothing else could. For the sake of our friendship, do you think you could talk to her? Need I say that I'm sorry to the very depths of my heart. . . . Something must have possessed me. . . ."

No, I'm not going to read it to the end. It went on pretty much in the same lines. Sickening, all of it. I just laid it aside. Never answered him. Nor did I broach the subject to Mary McCulloch. Where was the point, I ask you! And I resented Bob's allusion to our friendship. He'd let us down, all of us, his friends. No, I never answered him.

Rarely enough would I hear his name mentioned in those Paris circles where I went from time to time. They generally laughed at him. Nita had apparently wasted no time in spreading the news of her latest divorce far and wide. And later, I happened to hear that she was coming over to Europe. Not to Paris, though. Probably she sensed she would not get any warm welcome there. You see, Mary McCulloch was immensely popular among all of us.

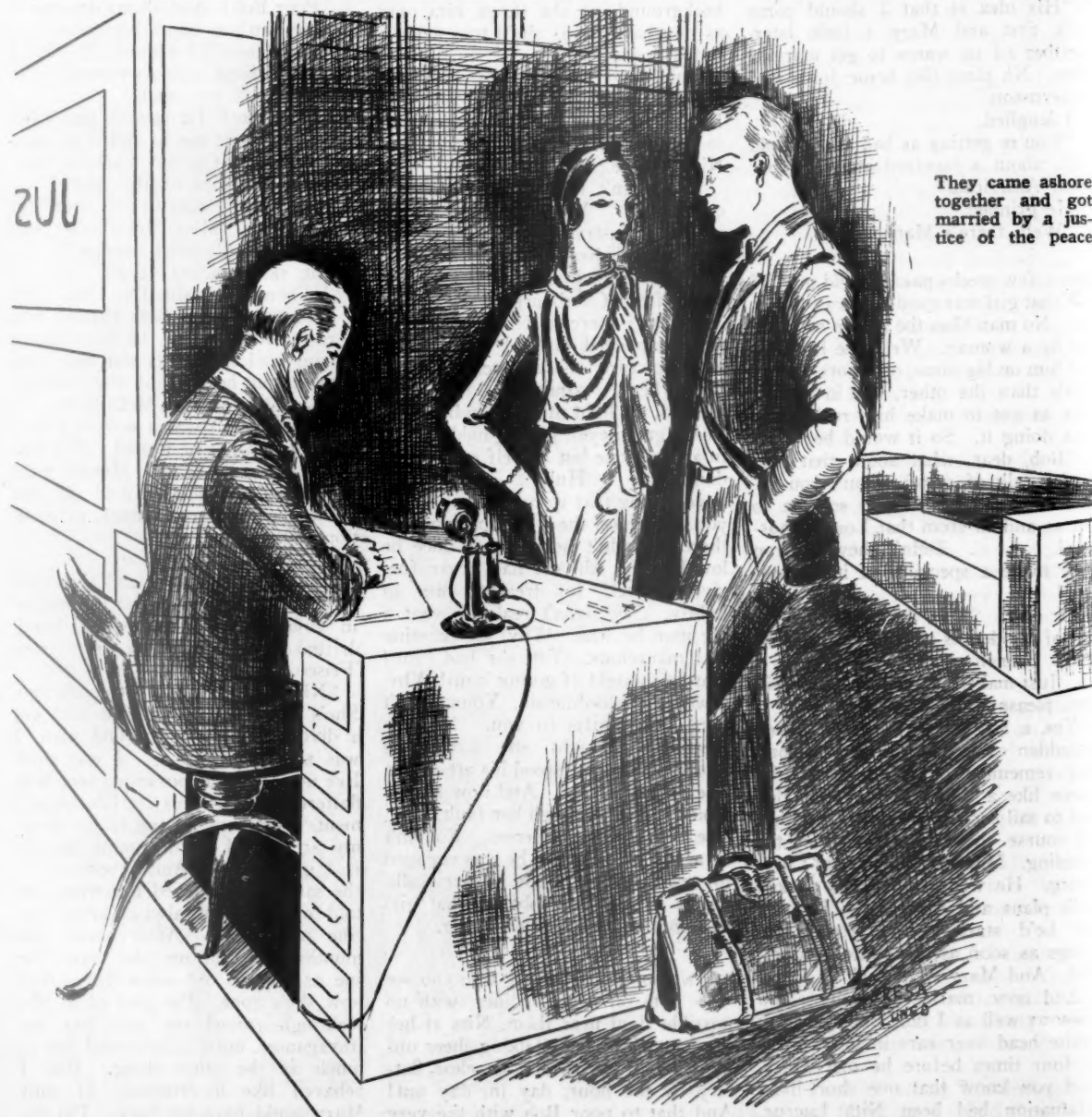
So, as things were, you can imagine that I was well-nigh staggered, when, on coming to see Mary McCulloch one afternoon, I walked into

the little salon and there sat Bob.

I could hardly believe my eyes, when Mary came forward.

"I'm very glad you've arrived at this point, Mr. Stewart,"—she said quite levelly—"This gentleman," she bowed in Bob's direction, "hasn't come here on my invitation."

**Y**ou understand, if it had been in my own house, I'd have kicked Bob Palmer out of doors in a second and said no more about it to anyone. But as things were, I just stood and blinked and swallowed hard. And Bob sat there, rigid and silent. Later I noticed how much he had changed,



They came ashore together and got married by a justice of the peace

his hair had grown almost grey in places, and his clear blue eyes were almost dimmed. Later I became aware of these things, but not at the moment when Mary McCulloch's concerns absorbed me entirely.

"Yes, Miss McCulloch," I said rather idiotically.

SHE motioned me to a chair by the fireplace and remained standing, her hands clasped. Her face was just a little pale. And Bob kept his away from her look.

And Mary began:

"About twenty minutes ago the maid came in and told me Mr. Palmer wished to see me. Mr. Stewart, no doubt you think we have nothing to say to each other. And you're right in one sense. I might have sent him away, but I felt it might be better if I saw him again. All the same I'm glad you've come here, Mr. Stewart."

She drew a sharp breath.

"And now, Robert Palmer, perhaps you'll say what you have come to say."

He stirred out of his rigidity. I still remember his voice. Heavens, how hollow it sounded.

"Very little," he managed to bring out at last. "In fact, Mary, I've come to ask you, to forgive me."

"I forgave you long ago," she answered. "As a matter of fact I forgave you as soon as I knew. I might have borne malice if I hadn't loved you."

He sprang to his feet, his face changed.

"So it's all right, Mary," he almost shouted. "You've forgiven me. Now we can start again—"

She never altered her own attitude. "I have said I'd forgiven you," she answered. "I haven't said anything else."

His face fell . . . And it was terrible to see.

"What do you mean? Why do you torture me?"

Mary's face set, hard and grim.

"I am not torturing you. You did that nearly a year ago. I'd better say it outright: you're just about dead to me. You went and turned your back on your faith and my love—for the sake of what you had believed was a jewel of great price and when you discover this jewel to be nothing but a valueless trinket, you come back. But you've forgotten that the basis of all real love is trust. And if you could break your trust with your God once—and mind, I am not even thinking of myself—

well, what does there remain? I wouldn't be true to myself if I were to accept you back, don't you see that—just because you did mean so much to me once."

Now Bob Palmer was staggering to his feet. But Mary turned round and moved to the door. Ah, there went a woman. I could almost hear now his broken muffled whisper:

"But, Mary, Mary. I was mad. I didn't know what I was doing . . . Can't you have pity? I am more than sorry . . . But if you turn me down, I'm lost."

At that she swung round. Her voice rang fiercely:

"I am not turning you down, Bob Palmer. You had done it yourself. You know that as well as I do. . . . And there's a lot for you to do. Aren't you enough of a man to realize that? Now please go. There's nothing further I can say."

I didn't move. And Bob shuffled to the door, his head bent. As he passed her, he raised his eyes. He saw an unsmiling face, all right, but there was no hardness in it, nor cruelty either.

And he went.

I turned my head to the window. I could hear Mary McCulloch breathe very quickly. Then I heard her voice just a little unsteady.

"Mr. Stewart you—you don't think he'd really go down because of what I have done?"

"Not he," I reassured her quickly. "Besides, was there anything else for you to do?"

"Just nothing," she assented. "It seemed so terrible . . . I was so frightened I would give in . . . Yet somehow I believe it might pull him together. He . . . still loves me, you see."

And her eyes, always so eloquent, added:

"And so do I, but, all the same, I couldn't take him back."

So here is Bob's story for you. And Mary McCulloch's too. Ah, I tell you she was a rare and fine woman. And, as you know yourself, Bob never married. You've heard no end of things about his convalescent home way back at Frisco and his school and what not. . . . And Mary's lived in Italy all these years, God bless her. If you were to meet Bob now, he'd talk about it without any bitterness.

YOU think she was harsh? Well—I don't. What she did just knocked a good dose of steady sanity into him. I do believe it was her very firmness that pushed him into a larger house. You see, for the very first time, Bob didn't get what he wanted and wanted badly at that, and she made him see he didn't get it because of his own unstableness. It taught him a big lesson all right.

## On Lighting a Candle

By DENIS A. McCARTHY, LL.D.

'TWERE well to burn a candle at Thy shrine,  
O Sacred Heart Divine!  
But better still, in honor of Thy Name,  
To keep my heart aflame.

The outer act must speak the inward thought,  
Or else 'twere naught,  
No candle in the world can ever prove  
A substitute for love.

And if the inner shrine unlit should be  
With piety,  
How may I hope to honor Thee with this—  
'Twere like a Judas kiss!

So as I touch my taper tip with fire  
I still desire  
That it may truly symbolize the light  
That shines within deep-hid from human sight!

## Fun & Philosophy: History & Tragedy



The Seventh of  
Twelve Chapters

# My Card-Index on the Loose

By JOHN GIBBONS

ONCE, a very long time ago when I was quite innocent, I started to amuse myself by trying to make an index of things invented by Catholics. Only very soon I had to give it up, because I found that it would have been unwieldy and far too long. For there are very few things in the world that have not been invented by Catholics.

Take, for instance, electricity. While it is true that the great Faraday was a Protestant, Volta, Ampère, Galvani, and Coulomb on the other hand were distinctively Catholics. Roentgen of x-ray fame dedicated his life's work to Our Blessed Lady, and the man who invented the "coherer," which made Marconi-wireless possible was a scientist and Catholic named Branly, who with a Catholic son-in-law, a Monsieur Tournon, built Catholic churches. They say, of course, that Catholicism is inveterately opposed to science; yet without Eustachius, Fallopio, and Vesalus we should have next to no Anatomy; without Mendel next to no Heredity, and without Pasteur next to no Physio-Chemistry. And all these were Catholics, practising and believing Catholics.

### Franciscans and Gunpowder

It was a Franciscan who somewhere about 1320 gave us Gunpowder. Barthold Schwartz was his name and in case any reader retorts that it was an unpleasant thing to give the world, one might add that Father Barthold made his discovery by accident while compounding nitre, sulphur, and charcoal for medicine. There is a statue put up to him in 1853 in his native Freiburg.

It was a Pope, they say, Sylvester the Second, who personally invented the Pendulum Clock and gave us Arabic Figures, and it was most certainly another Pope, Gregory XIII, who gave us the present-day Calendar. This was in 1582, only as Eng-

land was a Protestant country suspicious of even Roman time, the English did not accept it until 1751, by which time their own way of reckoning was pretty hopelessly wrong. So that when they had to advance the Calendar several days at a jump, there was fierce rioting on the part of the population who wanted to know what had happened to the lost days. And this, of course, is what the books call Protestant Progress as opposed to Popish Ignorance.

Prior to 1751, by the way, the English New Year started on Lady Day, March 25, of every year, so that they used to divide March into "big March" before the 25th, and "little March" after the 25th. And when they mentioned such a date as, say, January 1, 1700, there was a doubt as to whether they meant the 1700 beginning next March 25 or the 1700 beginning last March 25, and so they used to write it January 1, 1700/01, and so forth. It seems a very good job indeed that they did take up Popish Time in 1751 even if it was a century or so late after the Pope had thought of it.

But an oddity about the business is that though the Independent Kingdom of Scotland was far more "Protestant" than even England, the Gregorian Calendar was first adopted in the Northern Kingdom in 1600. And, by the way, eight years ago, in 1923, the Roman or Gregorian Calendar was even taken up in the "Orthodox" or so-called Greek Church. And I have a note about a hair-dresser, Constantine Carayanides, making a scene in the Church of St. Constantine in the Piraeus near Athens by trying to cut off the beard of the Greek Church Archbishop who had brought about the change. So I suppose that Mr. Barber Constantine with his fierce conservatism was really a violent Protestant without knowing it.

Having got to this point, I decided that it was hopeless to try to keep

any real record of Catholic Inventions. Because Catholics had invented practically the whole lot. So in disgust I threw my cards away and retained only just odds-and-ends that happened to strike my peculiar fancy.

### Clocks and Sundials

CLOCKS was one, only for some reason I've got Sundials down as well on the same card. The point was that they used to have Sundials that, instead of ordinary time, showed only the hours for Mass and the various canonical services. Then the old ecclesiastical time was different. Dawn to dark was divided into twelve equal parts, and then dark to dawn divided into another twelve parts. And every night and morning they would "set" the new time by the Church Bells.

Then I've got a bit about 807, which was the date when the first striking clock was brought to Europe. Two Monks brought it from Jerusalem as a present to the Emperor Charlemagne. Then there is the Astronomical Clock in Winborne Minster down Bournemouth way. It was the first ever made in England and it is based on the old Ptolemaic Astronomy of the sun moving around the earth. Peter Lightfoot made it and he was a Monk of Glastonbury, the place where there is a big heap of ruins now and some tea houses for charabanc tourists. Henry the Eighth did that, and they executed the last Abbot on Glastonbury Tor. No more clocks from Glastonbury. Then all muddled up with the Clock cards I have some about the different ideas of how a Day should be spent. (I do think, you know, that it is better to be honest with you than to pretend that I have a perfectly tabulated Index.)

So there is the Trappists' Day of the Rule approved in 1847. Seven hours for Sleep, 7 hours for the Divine Office, 1 hour for meals, 4 for



Study, and 5 for Manual Labor. There is the Day of Pope Pius III of 1503. "Left no moment unoccupied; his time for study was before day-break; he spent his mornings in prayer, and his mid-day hours in giving Audiences; allowed himself an evening meal only every other day." Then the future Cardinal Manning's diary for April 3, 1854, gives us his day, "Sleep, 7 hours, dressing, etc., 1 hour, and from this anything I can take for Prayer. Office, Mass, Meditation, etc., 8 hours. Serving neighbors, letters, visits, business, meals, etc., etc., 8 hours." And then for some extraordinary reason I have copied down on top of the whole lot Signor Benito Mussolini's idea of a Day. "My day is divided into one hour of recreation, 7 hours of sleep, and from 14 to 16 hours of work. Eating is a minor function in my existence—it is a matter of minutes."

#### Dionysius Exiguus

I HAVE a card about Anno Domini, and it says that the plan of reckoning by the Year of the Christian Era was started by a Monk Dionysius Exiguus in 532 and became universal in 816. And then I have one about Book-Plates but I do not know why. Only there was a Father Ingold who wrote a famous text-book on the subject of collecting these things, and Urban VIII had a very famous book-plate, and there is another in which is depicted St. Francis de Sales. I must have a mind exactly like a rag-bag to collect such-like trifles.

Then (out of its place, by the way) there is a card about the Barometer. Invented by Evangelista Torricelli, born in 1608 and educated by Jesuit Fathers at Faenza. I thought the Jesuits would be in it somewhere. And there is another Barometer note, about Father Secchi's invention for some improvement on the thing taking first prize at the Paris Exhibition of 1867. This was the Father Secchi, by the way, who in 1872 was appointed as the Pope's representative on the International Commission sitting to consider the Metric System of Weights and Measures. It begins to look rather as though Rome was not so hopelessly out of touch with Science as it might be.

I'd like to talk about the Compass, only it's too long. But I have a card about a place called Compas with one S. It was an imaginary spot near Calvary, and the old Pilgrims used to reckon by it as the centre of the earth. And I would very much like to say that Catholics invented the

Rainbow, except that it would not of course be true. But it was a Catholic who did find out all about its Spectral Colors and all that, only we are not particularly proud of him, because he was a renegade Catholic who had been a Bishop on the Continent and then went and settled down as an Anglican cleric in England. The reference, if anyone wants it, is in the London "Truth," November 28, 1928.

"Publicity" in the sense of advertising we look upon of course as an essentially modern business, and there are college courses advertised where for so many dollars down they will teach you by post how to be modern. But I rather think that the world's earliest example of broadcast publicity was the Catholic Church's at the time of the First Crusade. Someone painted an enormous poster-picture, and then it was copied and copied and copied, always of course by hand. And every copy found its way into a church. Until by and by there was not a church in Catholic Europe that was without its poster. Then the men folk of the parishes began to enlist into the Crusade like wildfire. The poster, by the way, portrayed the Horses of the Mahomedan Infidels fouling the Holy Sepulchre.

Census gave me quite a good little card. And the first that I know of in anything approaching modern times was taken in Rome in 1515. In 1649 there was one in French-speaking Canada, in 1749 one in Sweden, in 1753 there was one proposed for England but the proposal was rejected, in 1790 there was one in the United States, and in 1801 the first English Census was actually taken.

And next I have a note about Cleaning (Street) which explains its place here. In 1525 they started Street Cleaning in Rome, and by 1750 there was a regular system with 28 sweepers and 36 carmen employed. I wish that I knew when Street Cleaning started in London, but I think that it was not till far later than that. Even modern Engineering on the grand scale seems not to be so very modern after all. In 1607 Father Juan Sanchez, S.J., drove an enormous tunnel to drain the entire valley-lake that used to surround the ancient City of Mexico. Four hundred and seventy-one thousand men were employed on the job.

#### Social Inventions

TURNING to Social Inventions, we might perhaps begin with Pawn Shops, and the Catholic Church

started them. The original idea was to be able to lend money to the dreadfully needy without any charge of any sort for the loan, but by simply taking a plain pledge as security. And we have an exact instance of the scheme in the Madrid of 1705 when a priest opened a charitable pawn-shop with an odd five-pence which he took from a stray collection box. I deposit my old trousers and I can have the five-pence. If I bring it back, I get my trousers and somebody else can borrow the five-pence. If I do not bring it back, my trousers are sold to the highest offer, and if say ten-pence was secured then two more people can borrow five-pence apiece. And that is all that there is to it.

#### Pawn Shops

AND we can find references to the idea all down through Catholic history. The Popes themselves started them to begin with in Rome, and then in 1361 we find a Bishop of London leaving in his Will a thousand silver marks for the establishment of one of these no-interest-charged pawn-shops. The Bishop of Winchester started another, and the great St. Charles Borromeo strongly advocated State or Municipal Pawnshops. It is odd to note that centuries later the same idea is being suggested. Both the London County Council and the Salvation Army have considered the plan. In 1467 I have a note of two Franciscans preaching up and down the country, begging money for a "lending house."

The difficulty of course is fairly obvious. So long as the "lending house" was a small concern, confined perhaps to a single parish with the priest attending an hour or so a week and personally knowing all his customers, the principle worked. But when the thing grew into a big concern, then not only must there be a whole-time manager but pledges must be taken to a value in advance of loans to compensate for those that are never returned. So that unless there is to be an actual loss, there must be a profit to pay for working expenses. One cannot have a profit without interest, and against interest, or "Usury" as it was called, the Church steadfastly set her foot. So that the Catholic pawnshop has practically died out of use.

Life Insurance (Assurance) was another Social invention of the Catholic Church, while too the first system of Life-Annuities was instituted in Rome itself. There was a Dowry Idea as well, the father on the birth

of a daughter depositing a sum which was added to in small sums, against the girl's marriage. Only there was a Papal Regulation that she must not marry before the age of eighteen. If she did, she forfeited her Dowry which went to her next younger sister if there was one. And if there was no such sister, then the Dowry Money went to the Church Pawnshop. (Fingland Jack. "History of Life Assurance.") It was Pius V, the Pope who died in 1572, who established this Dowry System.

### Marriage in Paraguay

**B**y the way, I have just found another card about Marriage. In Paraguay and other parts of South America that the Jesuits practically controlled, they laid down a stringent regulation that no Indian young man could be allowed to marry until he had saved up enough money to provide for his wife for one whole year after his own death. (Prodger's "Bolivia," page 31.) It was a premium of course against improvidence. No Jesuit-approved match could start with merely the first payment of a hire-purchase gramophone. I chose this particular article of household furniture because I wanted somehow to drag in another date. (There is, I suppose, a sort of Jesuistical subtlety about my methods.) On March 20, 1893, the Pope speaks into a gramophone to make a record which was afterwards taken across the Atlantic as a personal message to the President of the United States.

And after this I have a Broadcasting card, of Father Turquetil (we've had him before) in 1927 giving the first wireless speech ever delivered in Eskimo. Only he had turned into a Bishop by this time, Bishop Aresnio Turquetil, and he spoke from Pittsburg with a pre-arranged audience of Eskimo converts listening-in to him from somewhere in the Arctic. Services from Chicago, sermons from Paris, the music of the Midnight Mass from Detroit, and a dying Baptist in Denver begging to have broadcast his sincere apologies for having made about the Catholic Church statements which he now felt to be untrue—my cards contain all sorts of bits-and-bobs about the wireless.

And I would like to not be forgotten, the story of Father Ronald Knox; though of course it is possible that the Father would rather that it was forgotten! Only

once he broadcast from London, giving what was intended for a humorous sketch of the great Social Revolution of England. And of course in a lecture hall it would have been accepted for what it was, with an audience watching the Father's face as he made his points. Only on the wireless where they could not see him, it all sounded quite different. "The Mob is now attacking Buckingham Palace. The Bank of England has just been sacked," and so forth. And the result was that several hundreds of extremely frightened listeners-in sent in panic telegrams to London to know just what was happening and when it would be proper for them to begin packing up and making for a safer country.

Continuing with our Social Science things, I think we talked about the Housing Scheme (only it was not really a Scheme like ours, because they actually built the houses), at the old Papal States' arsenal at Ancona. And when in 1884 and 1885 they had sitting in London a Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, the great man on the Commission was Cardinal Manning. And to him, too, we owe what was called the Cardinal's Peace of about the same period. This was when the Dockers of the East End of London were out on strike and the thing went on for weeks with the masters obdurate and the men starving and desperate. Mr. Ben Tillett, the English Labor M. P., has written a good deal about that particular Strike. They tried all sorts of mediation, and none of the plans would act. And at last Cardinal Manning tried his hand and, being trusted by both capital and labor, was successful. They called the result the Cardinal's Peace, and the great Labor Unions, made up as they were of men mostly either staunchly Protestant or else nothing at all, never forgot the Catholic Cardinal. When he died at last, they turned up in full panoply of state to honor his funeral.

### Cabs and Drivers

**C**ABS make up a tiny side-line of mine. Mostly because the old hansom-cab of London was invented by a Catholic, Aloysius Hansom, a Birmingham architect. And I have a scrap about a New York taxi-driver who, having prayed

for the intercession of the Little Flower to own it and having bought the cab, made a vow that no priest or nun would ever be charged for riding in it. That story comes from Father Wynne, one of the editors of the Catholic Encyclopaedia. And there was another taxicab owner in Red Bank, New Jersey, who gave free rides to Catholics going to first Mass on the first Sunday of each month.

### More Important?

**O**NE more cab story of mine has to do with the London of the early eighteen hundreds. There were very few Catholic Churches allowed then, and perhaps the biggest and most important of what there were was either the Chapel at St. Mary, Moorfields, or the old Chapel of what was then the Sardinian Embassy in what we now call Kingsway. St. Mary, Moorfields—and there is a story about that; how when the Metropolitan Railway was built, it shook the Church and destroyed an old and valuable painting and how there was an action and the railway had to pay—was a sort of unofficial Pro-Cathedral for all London. It was a bigger Church than the present-day one and before the opening of the real Pro-Cathedral at Kensington was in its way quite important. Then the Kingsway Church, too, was quite famous. It had a grant every year from the old Sardinian Government (the priests refused it after the share that Sardinia took in the attack on Rome in 1870) and its music was very fine. And the question was as to which of these two was the most important. And they solved it by walking to a point somewhere about half-way between the two, hailing an ordinary London cab, and telling the man to drive at once to "the Catholic Church." And he went to Moorfields.

And my very last Cab is not a Cab at all, but the Irish Jaunting Car, that thing where you hold on to a narrow bit of planking, with your legs hanging unhappily over into the infinite. They did not invent it like that just for fun. The original idea was exactly as in the case of the high body of the early Ford cars (though probably Mr. Henry Ford would be extremely annoyed at the parallel). The Ford car was high to allow its body to clear bad roads, and they slung the Jaunting Car for just the same purpose. A Bianconi, it was originally called, and when it started

it was a postal mail-man, a great long concern with four wheels. And a very high body built to clear the feet-high ruttages of the old Irish Roads. It was a Mr. Charles Bianconi, of a Catholic Italian family, who had once settled in Ireland, who invented the thing. He died in 1875 and the English Postmaster-General in his Report of 1857 has said that "no living man had ever done more for the Sister Kingdom."

#### Auscultation

**M**EDICINE, and I have a note of Leopold Auenbrugger who discovered what I think they spell "auscultation," that idea of tapping on the patient's chest to find out what is going on inside. And another Catholic Doctor was the New York Dr. O'Dwyer who invented intubation for the treatment of diphtheria. He died in 1898. Another Catholic medical date is August 13, 1826, on which day died Theophile Hyacinthe Rene Laennec, inventor of the stethoscope. One more medical card that I was rather pleased with was that of Dr. Neill Arnott (1788-1874). He was a Catholic who had been a surgeon with the old East India Company and when he retired from the Service he settled down in Bedford Square in London and became rather a famous physician. He was always inventing things in his spare time. One of his inventions was a chair-bed for use on board ship to prevent sea-sickness. It had a very ingenious balancing arrangement so that as you sat or lay in the thing you were not supposed to move at all. All that happened was that the rest of the ship with the cabin walls and furniture went up and down and round and round as you lay at your ease and watched things happen. It must have been extraordinarily interesting to the nervous passenger.

If anyone wants to know anything about Glass, it first came to England in 674, and then it was the Church, as represented by the Abbot of Weer-mouth, which brought it. And it was the Catholic etcher, Thomas Worlidge who, a good many centuries later and long after the "reformation" had killed off the old arts, re-introduced into Birmingham the lost knowledge of painting on glass. And my next bit is about a Nevada priest who a couple of years or so back thought out a new sort of golf club. The idea was quite easy. Instead of carrying half a dozen clubs round the links or paying someone else to

carry them for you, one club is all that is necessary, and in your pocket you carry half a dozen heads to be screwed on in turn as the exigencies of the game demand. The notion was ever so simple and I expect that I could have thought of it myself, had not my mind been on other matters.

Now an invention on the other hand that I am quite frankly prepared to admit that I could not have done would have been that of Father Fargis of Georgetown. Because he invented the Photocronograph (this was in October, 1892), and the reason why I could not have invented it is because I do not know what a Photocronograph is. But I believe that it has something to do with measuring Star Transits.

Of course under Astronomy and Meteorology there were so many cards that one simply couldn't get all the information in. At the Vatican, for instance, there has been an Observatory ever since the very earliest times and the Vatican Observatory today is the third of its line. And so it was all the way through. Till I had to scrap the bulk of my cards, only keeping stray oddments that struck my fancy.

The Manila Observatory was one of these. It was founded by a Jesuit, Father Faura in 1865, and then the Father for a sort of scientific hobby started amusing himself by predicting typhoons and other abnormalities of weather. He was remarkably lucky—if that is the word—in his hobby, his warnings practically always coming true, and by and by his purely unofficial meteorological notes began to attract considerable interest in the world's ship-owning circles. When Father Faura said that there was going to be a storm, there was a storm, and so many thousand dollars' worth of ships were lost. Until in time the hard-headed, Protestant, strictly-business ship-owners were managing their businesses very largely on the Jesuit Father Faura's reckonings. So famous in fact did the Observatory become that in 1901 the Jesuits' weather bureau had to be officially recognized by the United States Government.

#### Jesuit Scientists

**T**HEN as soon as Father Faura died, his work was taken up by another Jesuit, Father José Algue, the author of various scientific works on storm-disturbances (one had to be translated into several languages for the use of sailors all over the world)

and he promptly went and invented an instrument, the "barocyclonometer," which improved on Father Faura's instruments and made the Manila Observatory of even still more use to the world. What, however, especially interests me in this connection is to read the paragraphs about the backward, retrograde and thoroughly impractical condition of the Church.

#### Abbe Moreaux

**A**NOTHER priest-astronomer, this time in Europe, is the famous Abbé (which really only means Reverend) Moreux, who from his Observatory at Bourges in Central France managed to predict the great Messina Earthquake of 1908 a month before the event. Why two hundred thousand lives were lost in spite of his warning was because nobody took any particular notice of it. He was only a priest, of course. In 1906, by the way, he gave a similar warning of the great earthquake of San Francisco, but on that occasion only a twenty-four hours' notice was given. Probably, of course, because he was a lazy priest. And if anyone wants any more instances of this sort of thing, they can turn to the record of Father Jerome Ricard, S.J., of California in the United States, the famous "Padre of the Rains," who recently died. They called him this because he had a habit of knowing several days in advance whether it was likely to be fine or not, and even such very worldly bodies as the managements of football grounds quite often sought the Father's advice on the prospects for future matches. The obvious explanation, of course, was that he did it by witchcraft or something of the sort.

And one more priest that I should like somehow to drag in would be Father William Rigge, Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society of England. He is also, I am sorry to have to say, a Jesuit. And he went and spent nine years of his life in perfecting the Creighton Harmonic Motion Machine. In the bad old days, the thing only used to do 979 Harmonic Curves, but under Father Rigge's gingering-up, it now does seven million. No, I think it is billion. Anyway, here are the figures, and you can figure them for yourselves: 7,618,782,498. And a very wonderful achievement it seems. Only I wish I knew what a Harmonic Curve is.

I even have one priest down as a



Water Diviner. That curious power business, you know, about being able to trace underground springs. "Dowsing," they generally call it in rural England. This particular priest was Father Banly of Hardelet near Boulogne, and not only was he quite in regular request as a Water Diviner, but once he was actually engaged by a French business syndicate to explore the possibilities of some old and disused silver-lead mines near Clermont-Ferrant. And the Father walked over the place and said that there was some silver there. And when they came to dig, there was some silver.

Then I have another Water Divin-

ing story about Captain Cook. I told you that I would get him in some time. Only this time the story was a failure, because they didn't find the Water. It was in 1772, when Captain Cook and a ship-load of English scientists were on their famous Voyage. And they called at Madeira, and then one of the Sisters of the Poor Clares from a Convent in the Island waited on Captain Cook, and she had, it seemed, been sent to him with a little request from her Mother Superior. The Poor Clares were rather in trouble. Their water supply had dried up and they were in difficulties for cooking, and so forth, both for their poor and for them-

selves. And could the Captain, please, as his ship was known to be full of "philosophers," kindly send some one to water divine a fresh supply for the Convent. The official diaries are quite full of the ridiculous little incident and rather poke fun at the extraordinary simplicity of the Sisters. Some of these Popish Nuns, you know, are really peculiarly silly. Only none of the learned men could find them any water. The joke, to my mind, would have been far more impressive if the Philosophers had been able to help the Sisters in their little need.

(Another chapter of *My Card-Index* will appear in the March issue.)

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD 10% OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE.

**A** GOLDEN TREASURY OF MEDIEVAL LITERATURE. By James J. Walsh, M.D. The Stratford Company, Boston. \$3.50.

When the term "Gothic" was applied to medieval art as a reproach by the classical revivalists of France it was a gesture perhaps unique in history. By it they swept aside as unworthy of enlightened consideration their inheritance of beauty and learning from the past, the native expression of their whole cultural life, and turned for esthetic satisfaction to the strange voices of an alien pagan world. It was as though men said, "This house in which we have passed our childhood and learned the lessons of life and come of age, in which for many generations our fathers have dwelt and wrought their achievements, we perceive now to have been a poor trivial thing. We will build again, not indeed, a new thing, the offspring of our own genius, but the copy of a house unfamiliar to us, the concept of the outlanders who knew us not but perished from the earth before our race was nurtured."

With that affected rejection of their own genius the peoples of Europe spoke the doom of vital art for centuries, and art, our own art, grew moribund and all but died, since men cannot speak with authority in the dead idiom of others.

Recently, indeed, this truth is emerging, we are learning that we cannot find peace, that we cannot work wholeheartedly, that we can scarce maintain life itself save in the native air of our own tradition. We have wearied of foreign beauty, our palates are cloyed with imported sweets, and we are turning like

travelers foredone with much wandering, with a nostalgia transcending that of exiles, we, the self-banished, to the open doors of our true spiritual home. The despised "Gothic," the fireside of faith, so contemptuously abandoned, now beckons irresistibly and, unless all signs fail, the men of Christendom are on the point of resuming the culture, the language of our own spirit, that we discarded and incredibly forgot just when it was reaching its climax of expression.

Among those who have been our leaders in this so wholesome, indeed necessary, return, the name of James J. Walsh stands high. His pen seems never to tire of setting down for the awakening of our enthusiasm, the glories of our past accomplishments and now, in this his latest volume, *A GOLDEN TREASURY OF MEDIEVAL LITERATURE*, he fairly heaps them upon us. Set in the midst of his own illuminating comment, we are given a series of masterpieces from all the lands which made up Christendom in the great ages, the Catholic Christendom so amazingly neglected by its children, a series which fascinates by its variety almost as greatly as by the unifying spirit that bound them into one cultural whole.

To comment on these separately is out of the question here. The mere naming of them would take more space than can be allotted. Indeed this is the one fault that might be found in Dr. Walsh's fine work. So vast, so overwhelming is the array presented that even Dr. Walsh must skim over the separate items too casually. We get fragments, just enough to whet our appetites, and at once must fly to something else. The effect is im-

pressive, but he leaves us hungry when we desire to be replete. May we not hope that our author is even now preparing some of these offerings more in detail? Will he not serve entire for our delectation some one or more of these splendid dishes, anyone of which might well serve as a *pièce de resistance* of a whole volume or even a many volumed work?

**A** THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY, from the Writings of the Rt. Rev. J. B. M. David. By Sister Columba Fox, M.A. Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York. \$1.00.

Sister Columba Fox has already given us a life of Bishop David, whom she now quotes so effectively in her latest volume, and made us acquainted with the life of one who, in the early days of our history, pushed his way into the uncharted country west of the Alleghenies and was one of the first to take the comforts and inspiration of true religion to what was then little more than a wilderness.

Religion, enlightenment and culture had followed the two seaboard, but in the days just after the Revolution there was, between these two narrow regions, a vast area sparsely inhabited and full of dangers to those who entered it to preach the gospel of peace.

These dangers were braved by Father John Baptist Mary David of the Sulpician Order, as he then was, and how eloquent was his preaching may be surmised from the thoughts for every day that Sister Columba has collected from his writings.

It is, or should be, a matter for satis-

faction in this day when we are only too ready to discount the sayings and doings of other times, to learn how learned and saintly were the pioneers of the Faith in those hard years when Catholicism was at anything but a premium in this country. Bishop David was one of those driven from France by the bigotry of the Revolution and who, coming from centers of culture in Europe perforce took up their abode in strange climes. He appears to have been peculiarly fitted to carry the message of truth and beauty with him and it is no wonder that with such missionaries, the Church flourished greatly.

### THE PEARL OF REVELATION.

By the Rev. Emmanuel Elkuin Hanna. Published by the author in Easton, Pennsylvania. \$2.00.

Father Hanna, whose volume, *THE PEARL OF REVELATION*, is his first work in the English tongue, is described on the title page as a Syrian Catholic missionary in America.

We sometimes forget how very different from our own is the outlook, the human background, one might call it, of those who live in other lands, speak other languages and are familiar with customs, manners and modes of thought not our own, even, and this is the point, when they are in complete agreement with us on the fundamentals of philosophy.

The author of *THE PEARL OF REVELATION* is actuated by the motive of giving us an elaborate proof of the truths of our holy religion, just as are so many of our American and European writers today, but I venture to say that the writing of this work would be as impossible to any man brought up in our more western world as would, shall I say, the aphorisms of Confucius?

This is not said in any spirit of fault finding. Indeed, the volume will hold a peculiar fascination for many simply because of its utterly foreign temper, just as Crusaders might welcome with peculiar pleasure a recruit from some alien strand who offered to lay lance in rest against the enemies of the Faith. Father Hanna's work, then, is welcome to us, his co-religionists, just because it is a new instrument for the use of Holy Church, and quite beside the fact that it is a storehouse of much quaint and curious lore.

Who among us Westerners, I beseech you, would think of expounding the significance of the priestly order of Malkizadek by a careful comparison of the ages of all the patriarchs from Adam to Abraham and beyond, together with a meticulously careful judgment on the date of the Flood and of the precise age of the chief figures in Genesis when that catastrophe took place? Not that this is all that Father Hanna adduces, but it is typical.

Fancy Professor Einstein or Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes confronted with this argument. Fancy Father Hanna hearing their reply—only there would be no reply, for what could these champions of "Cosmic Religion" say in answer?

Yet Father Hanna is a notable student of Holy Scripture, a man of the most intense earnestness and of one faith with ourselves, and the very elements which make him seem so different must enhance his value.

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TERRY DONOVAN. By Gerald Kelly, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$1.50.

The adventures and trials, the defeats and final triumph in well doing of the typical boy on the way through school have a perennial appeal for boys and, indeed, for most of his elders. For such there is to be found much wholesome entertainment in *TERRY DONOVAN*, one of a series that has continued to blossom since the time that John Brown first put in his appearance at Rugby. This is as it should be. With every generation, with every year, almost, the surface of things, the speech, the fads and fancies, change among boys at school and the interest of boys is apt to lag if this language is not spoken, these fads not observed and done justice to.

TERRY DONOVAN is a good, wholesome tale about real boys and if the plot and incidents seem somewhat hackneyed to the more sophisticated, what would you? Football is football, baseball is baseball, studies are studies still, the underlying pabulum upon which all episodes must be grafted, and the sins and virtues of lads are not apt to be of a very startling nature. But to boys these things are life, well nigh the whole of it, so one need not be captious in the case of a story about boys, told for boys, and which deserves to be read by the whole of the juvenile tribe.

### JESUS CHRIST, GOD AND MAN.

By the Rev. George D. Smith, D.D. SANCTIFYING GRACE. By the Rev. E. Towers, Ph.D., D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. Each: 75 cents.

These are respectively numbers 11 and 16 of the Treasury of the Faith Series and maintain the high standard of excellence already reached by these valuable little books. In each some one article of Catholic belief is taken and given a clear, authoritative exposition and then illustrated in its application to human life and conduct.

We cannot have too much of this. It has been remarked that the only thing feared by the Church is ignorance and, indeed, it is the almost complete ignorance of Catholic doctrine on the part of non-Catholics, matched only too often by a dim and hazy understanding by Catholics themselves, that keeps, in this day of growing dissatisfaction with the material explanation of life, so many souls out of communion with the Universal Mother whose sole purpose is to comfort and save us.

In these books there is no attempt to be either technical or profound. They are written plainly and concisely so as to be of use to the busy man of today and for this purpose they are admirable.

### THE MONTH OF THE SACRED

HEART. By Sister Mary Emanuel, O.S.B.B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis and London. \$2.00.

The affection of the Catholic for his religion so often remarked by those of other creeds is certainly due in no small measure to the emphasis laid on the personal relationship between the individual and his God, as expressed in prayer. The Protestant has often complained that we have introduced a whole hierarchy of saints and angels between Divinity and the suppliant which, according to the critic, fills the eyes and distracts the attention from the true and only legitimate object of our worship; yet, as a matter of fact, it seems to work the other way.

It is evident that it is the Protestant who today is losing touch with God and turning into a rather superstitious

pagan, while the Catholic holds on to his faith and his awful intimacy with Omnipotence. While his critic remains away, he still repairs to church to resume his interrupted, but never abandoned, dialogue with the Most High.

But this dialogue is generally carried on through the medium of familiar prayers and of these not the least comforting to the human mind and, we trust and believe, acceptable to God, are those magnificent pieces of literature, the litanies.

The Litany of the Sacred Heart, for example, is one that, alike in the object of its address and the fervor of its phrasing, is especially fitted to awaken the emotions of love and humility, and it is not surprising that it should be the occasion of so many devotional commentaries.

Sister Mary Emmanuel, who has given us a volume in which the individual phrases of the great prayer form the subjects for meditations for successive days, is treading on familiar ground, but she is well qualified for the task of reading new thoughts in the well-known words. Her meditations are short but not the less valuable for that, and few there are who will not benefit by following her.

**THIS LIGHT**, An Anthology of Catholic College Verse. Edited by the Literary Society of St. Joseph's College Alumnae.

In this day of many anthologies, a collection of Catholic college verse is very welcome, for who is not interested in knowing the type of thought prevailing among the more talented young men and women who will represent Catholic life and literature in the years to come?

A reading of this volume gives us a rather curious problem to consider. After making all allowances for the pensiveness of youth, so often commented on by discriminating elders, one is still obliged to express surprise that here so universal a note of sorrow is to be found. Catholic youth has really much to be happy about, yet the poems of this group seem, with but few exceptions, to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. These young poets, and there are real poets among them, are amazingly fond of singing of their disillusionment and, if one could believe them, of bright hopes now forever lost. Chesterton speaks in his *St. Francis of the world*, before the bright flowering of medieval art, as mourning for the accumulated sins of pagan centuries; is it possible that these are doing penance for our modernist transgressions? We do not think so. There is a note of the modern introspection that discounts such a theory. These griefs have a personal bias that does not sound like a general confession.

But why should this be? The standard of technique is high; there is an

obviously keen appreciation of beauty, but it is the haunting beauty of a twilight world. Surely, from those about to step forth on life's high adventure, we might hope for a little more of the color of the dawn. Yet there is little of it here, to say nothing of that strange festive elation that once marked the poetry of Catholic bards, an elation born of the knowledge that they alone among men were initiate in the true secret of another world.

**THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND BOLSHEVISM.** By the Rev. John A. McClory, S.J. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$1.00.

The publication in book form of seven lectures on the social and economic problems of today by Father McClory is very timely, if only for the fact that the author has the courage to state more plainly than most of us the gravity of the situation that confronts the world in general and this country in particular. Amid the stilted utterances of a blind optimism, based, one supposes, on a mistaken notion of patriotism, and the cries of a no less sightless pessimism which urges decapitation as the only cure for our diseased body politic, it is refreshing to come across one who in no wise blinks the facts yet refuses to be stampeded by them into despair.

Father McClory is an economist, a close student of modern society, and his presentation of the case is clear, concise and adequate. He does not lose hope but he believes that modern conditions closely parallel those preceding the downfall of Rome, and he speaks urgently to us, his fellow citizens, so that we may not merit the dreadful warning of Our Lord to Jerusalem: "For the days shall come upon thee, and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straighten thee on every side, and beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee, and they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation."

But Father McClory does not rest with a mere statement of the situation. He has a remedy. He hints at what that remedy is in his most interesting chapter on "The State" and discloses it in the final chapter "Charity." It is no new discovery that the charity of Christ is the answer to all the questions that man can ask of destiny, though it may well appear new and unfamiliar to those sociologists who are accustomed to approach the problem from the standpoint of the multitude of man-made solutions which fill the world today.

To these, indeed, it will probably seem inadequate, but before dismissing it they would do well to remember that the charity of Christ has once already been on the point of erecting an ideal society under the tutelage of the Church and would have completed its task had not

the selfish passions of men caused them to reject the instrument of their earthly salvation.

## PAMPHLETS

**PRODIGALS AND CHRIST**, by Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

**FASHIONABLE SIN**, by Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

**WHEN MARY WALKED THE EARTH**, by Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

**A TRAVELER IN DISGUISE**, by Daniel A. Lord, S.J., from the Queen's Work Press, St. Louis. Price 10 cents each.

**OUR LAST MOMENTS**, The Benedictine Press, Mt. Angel, Ore. 10c.

**WHAT IS A CATHOLIC ATTITUDE?** By F. P. LeBuffe, S.J.

**CHRIST AND MANKIND**, by Martin J. Scott, S.J.

**THE NEW MORALITY and the NATIONAL LIFE**, by Jones I. J. Corrigan, S.J., from The America Press, New York. 5 cents each.

**THE LANGUAGE OF CHRIST IN AMERICA**, by Rev. Peter F. Sfeir, Published by the author, Buffalo, N. Y.

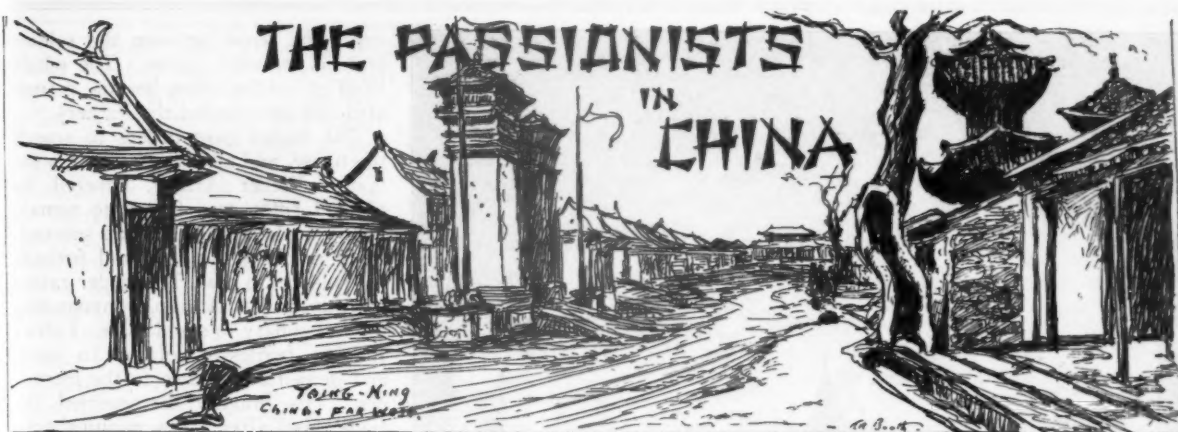
Father Lord's flair for allegory and imaginative writing finds ample scope in these latest pamphlets from his indefatigable pen. The first is a short study of the wide mercy of Christ. **FASHIONABLE SIN** is a stinging indictment of modern views on that age-old subject of sin. **WHEN MARY WALKED THE EARTH** tell the story of the Mother of God briefly but beautifully. The last listed is an allegorical treatise on the Blessed Sacrament. All are done in that style peculiar to Father Lord, and hence, are timely, forceful, and instructive.

The trio of pamphlets from the American Press is culled from a series of radio talks. All are splendid expositions of Catholic Truth. Father Corrigan's is perhaps the most forceful and sweeping in its argumentation.

**OUR LAST MOMENTS**, is the official booklet of the Pious Union of St. Joseph's Death. It contains an outline of the history, the work, and the indulgences attached to the labors of the Pious Union, together with some helpful prayers.

Father Sfeir's booklet tells the story of the Syrian Maronites. It is a concise story of the origin of that branch of the Oriental Church, of its contribution to Catholicism and civilization, and an account of the Syrian Maronite Mass, the language of which is the same as that used by Christ Himself. Of the seven Oriental rites the Syrian Maronites stand alone in their constant fidelity to the Holy See. Schism or heresy are unknown amongst them. The book has the hearty endorsement of the Holy See. It is embellished by several appropriate illustrations. For all interested in the work of the Orientals this little work will indeed be welcome.





## Supu, Key City to the West

**S**UPU boasts no city wall. To this fact, as well as to its location in Hunan, it owes much of its history. Since 1918, when Father Joseph, O.S.A., opened the Catholic mission there, troops of every description have poured over the bridges spanning the three rivers that bound this city of 80,000 souls. Invading armies from the west point towards Supu on their way to Changsha, the capital of Hunan. Retreating soldiers hurrying westward to the mountains, pause a while on its busy streets. The difficulty of defending the city has been both an invitation to passing troops, and a warning to them not to linger there too long. From a military standpoint, Supu has the unfortunate distinction of being the key city to western Hunan.

Father Flavian Mullins, C.P., after his arrival in Supu early in 1922, soon found that his relations with the military demanded extraordinary diplomacy and a sympathetic understanding of China's changing political life. Since he brought these qualities to his task Father Flavian was able to devote himself, with but little interruption, to the erection of centres of the Faith throughout his district.

His territory is a large one of some 500,000 souls. Farmers for forty centuries, these Chinese have given intensive care to the small plots of land that have been their family inheritance for generations. The Supu district is one of the most fertile in all of Hunan. To its crowded markets loads of rice, sugar-cane,



Father Flavian Mullins, C.P.

**W**ITH this article Father Theophane Maguire, C.P., one of our Chinese missionaries temporarily in this country for medical treatment, begins a series of articles treating of the individual Passionist Missions in Hunan, China. These articles tell of progress during nine years of turmoil and distress. Famine came once and again. Sickness stayed the missionaries a while. Danger grew familiar. Bolshevism swept the country and the missionaries' work seemed lost to human hope. Disaster thinned their ranks. Death came. In a single morning they buried four companions, and turned away from the fresh graves with renewed consecration to the land of their adoption. With the missionaries you will thank God that they built so well, when it seemed folly even to lay a foundation.

cotton, and fruits are brought by the country folk. Large crops of opium are raised and sold openly. Though some of its opium is carried to the coast cities the greater part of it is consumed by the people of Supu district itself. Coal and antimony are mined in parts of Supu county. During the World War Supu supplied a large part of the antimony used by the Allies.

When Father Flavian was building at Supu and in his outlying missions which he had set about to establish, he suffered many hardships. "Just now it has been raining for four days and four nights," he writes in an early letter from Supu. "I am living in an old hut, through the roof of which the rain pours. But things are coming along fairly well for the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, and the house is slowly making headway."

**T**OWARDS the latter part of 1923 Father Arthur Benson, C.P., arrived in Supu to help Father Flavian in his growing mission. In January, 1924, both Fathers endured a trying experience. The government troops from Changsha under the command of General Cheng Hung Hai, a Catholic, marched on Supu and after a short skirmish drove out the local bandit leader. Though the government troops did not know it then they soon found out that they had simply walked into a trap. A few nights later, while they were wholly unprepared, the bandits surrounded the city, attacked the sleeping troops, and



Sanctuary of the Supu Mission Chapel.

killed those who could not fight their way through to safety.

Soon after the attack had begun, the General of the defeated government troops came to the mission and begged Father Flavian to help save his life.

"Well," said Father Flavian, "I suppose there is only one way to get you out of town, and I'm not so sure we'll succeed. But we'll try."

The General was then sent out to the kitchen of the mission. There he was given a close hair cut, and a suit of coolie's clothes. Father Flavian then called for his travelling sedan chair.

"I am going out to visit a mission station," he told those in his mission; and he used this opportunity to drop in at one of his stations.

**T**HE General was then told to pick up the baggage and follow. And so it was, that disguised as a coolie carrying the missionary's baggage, the General set out for what he hoped would be safety.

Sometimes even "face" takes second place in China. It was a case

of life and death, and the General did not hesitate to put the bamboo pole over his shoulder and trudge behind Father Flavian as they slowly walked out of the city. The ruse succeeded and the General's life was saved.

The government authorities, furious at the heavy losses sustained, sent an army to Supu with instructions to level that city. General Tsai entered Supu with the regular army on January 3. The city was systematically looted and many of the inhabitants, both men and women, were brutally killed. Hundreds fled from the city and sought safety in the mountains.

That afternoon the soldiers approached the Catholic mission. A citizen, becoming alarmed, ran into the mission compound. Thirty armed soldiers followed, seized and searched him. After they had robbed him, they prepared to shoot him as a spy.

Fathers Flavian and Arthur were notified and both of them rushed to the poor man's assistance. One soldier was about to shoot when the Fathers interfered. The soldier again attempted to kill the man, but Father Flavian knocked the gun from his

hand and stood between the soldier and his innocent victim. The whole band of soldiers then became infuriated and surrounded the Fathers.

The leader gave orders to search the house, and all started towards the door. Father Arthur, covered by pointed rifles, was forced to remain in the yard. Father Flavian succeeded in reaching the door and forbade the soldiers to pass. The leader raised his gun and took aim, commanding the missionary to stand aside. Father Flavian fearlessly refused to obey, and denied admittance to the intruders. His bravery disconcerted the leader, and after a few minutes' consultation they departed. Meantime the unfortunate Chinese citizen who had sought safety in the mission made his escape.

**O**NCE outside the soldiers hesitated a while, and then attempted to re-enter the mission. When the two Fathers barred the entrance four or five shots were fired in rapid succession. One bullet passed between the Fathers, and another pierced Father Flavian's clothing. Fortunately word had reached the General at his headquarters. He immediately dispatched an officer with orders for the soldiers to return to their quarters.

This incident gives an idea of the general upset conditions in the province at that time. In spite of the continued strife the two Fathers put all their efforts into the work of catechizing those who sought to enter the Church. Lent, and especially Holy Week of that same year, brought strenuous days to the missionaries of Supu.

In order to receive the sacrament of penance on the vigil of Easter many Christians from distant stations ventured into the city in spite of the continued warfare. It was so oppressively hot in the small church that most of the Christians strolled about the grounds while waiting their turn in the confessional.

Easter morning one hundred and fifty received Holy Communion, among whom were four soldiers in uniform. Eighteen communicants—thirteen men, two women, two boys and one girl—had been baptized the day before.

The following year, 1925, Father Godfrey Holbein, C.P., who later was one of our three martyred priests, replaced Father Arthur, who had been given charge of our mis-

sion in Chenki. After a few months Father Godfrey wrote: "The entire Supu mission district, with all its outstations and in particular the Christians, are an undying tribute to the untiring labor of Father Flavian. No missionary is so highly spoken of in the capital of Hunan as he is. And I call attention to the fact that Changsha, Hunan's capital city, is the hotbed of all the bitter anti-spirit to everything and to everybody foreign.

"Besides our central mission, Supu, we have five out-missions or stations. The stations consist of a chapel, a house for the catechist, and a small house used by the missionary. In Chiao Chiang we have our most beautiful and spacious church. It is dedicated to Mary Immaculate.

"Our Christians are creditable not only in number but also in their fervor and devotion. Most of my time is spent at the station of Chiao Chiang. Here the people prove their faith by their good works. Frequently they confess and receive Holy Communion. From a long distance, with their babies strapped to their backs or carried in baskets, they walk to church fasting. They are regular, too, in attending morning and evening prayers, and most respectful and devoted to their priests. With them there is no such feeling as human respect. They are not ashamed to be followers of Christ. They are proud of it, and let the pagan world know it."

**A**s opportunity offered, Father Flavian bought property, very often with great difficulty, and erected chapels in villages ten, twenty, forty miles from the central mission at Supu. A chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart was built at Hwa Chiao, and one in honor of the Immaculate Conception at Chiao Chiang in 1923. In the spring of 1925 Ta Chiang Keo was opened. Later Lung T'an, where both Father Godfrey Holbein and Father Jeremiah McNamara labored for a time, was placed under the patronage of the Little Flower. Tzi Fang is the latest station to be added to this flourishing mission centre.

In the summer of 1928 Supu was host to the Very Reverend Sebastian Ochsenreiter, C.P., who was then paying an official visit to our missions in China. It was at this time that Fathers Anthony Maloney and Ernest Cunningham, while en route to meet the Very Reverend Visitor, were seized by bandits. Happily, through the prompt action of Father Ernest's

mass-server, they were speedily released.

A year later Father Flavian and Father Miles McCarthy watched the troops of "Old Ironsides," the former crack division of the Nationalist army, retreat in revolt through the

**F**ROM the letters, especially the personal ones, we receive from our missionaries, we learn not only of the various difficulties and discouragements that confront them, but also of their needs. Their personal needs, so far as material things are concerned, are very few indeed; but they do insist in all their correspondence on their need of prayers for themselves and their poor converts. These latter are exposed to all sorts of temptations to abandon the Faith—temptations which the vast majority of Catholics can hardly sympathize with because they can not understand them. Please do pray for both missionaries and converts.

Supu district. The disloyal troops were pursued by Nationalist aviators. Supu will not forget that the first plane that circled over it dropped several bombs on its terrified, innocent victims.

The interruptions of wars, and the constant changing of political powers, have not stopped progress in Supu. Over four hundred infants in danger of death have been baptized since the opening of that district. Those who know the labor attached to each single conversion will realize something of the zeal of the Passionist missionaries in the Supu mission who brought three hundred adults into the Faith during the past nine years.

**I**N subsequent articles I hope to give the readers of THE SIGN an outline of each of our mission centres in Hunan, China. From this sketch of the Supu mission I think that all our good friends will recognize the amount of good work that is being done by the Passionist missionaries in China.

I ask all to continue their interest in our work there and to assist us not only by donations for the material wants of the missions, but also by a daily prayer that God may bless the missionaries and make fruitful their efforts among the Chinese.



General Cheng Hung Hai, with his wife and two children. Father Flavian Mullins, C.P., saved General Cheng's life when he disguised him as a coolie and brought him through the bandit lines at Supu.



## New Plans for Wangtsun

By FR. BASIL BAUER, C.P.

**W**HEN word came to me at Kaotsun to take over my former mission at Wangtsun I knew what to expect there. Don't picture a walled city on a plain when I speak of Wangtsun. The town crowds closely to the one main street that twists and struggles up a steep hill. It looks as though all the houses had played leap-frog down those hundreds of steps, a few houses clinging to each step, until they were halted by the beautiful, treacherous North River.

It won't be much of a surprise to you to learn that I had a very narrow escape from bandits in leaving Kaotsun. The soldiers in town had promised me an escort as far as Pushih. Later, hearing that Tsen Lung with his outlaw troops was in the vicinity, they refused to accompany me. Father Anthony was waiting for me in Pushih, and as he had already delayed some time on my account I decided to try the river route.

I hired a small fishing boat and got under way at three o'clock in the morning. With nets spread over the bamboo matting, and two fishermen at the oars, my sampan, I thought,

was likely to attract little attention. We were to learn that robbers are both keen and curious.

About seven miles above Chenki there is a large bend in the river. Since it is near the dividing line of Kaotsun and Chenki counties it makes a convenient place of operations for outlaws. We had just shot the rapids at this point, and were again in shallow water, when a yell from the shore startled us.

"Who is it?" I asked. The boy beside me made no reply, and motioned for me not to move. There was a second shout from the river bank: "Where are you going and what have you in the boat?"

Lying on the floor of the boat I could look out without showing myself. Both banks of the river swarmed with bandits. My boatmen kept rowing and called back: "We have nothing in the boat, and we are going to Chenki." Not satisfied, some of the bandits waded out towards the boat. Happily we were travelling with the current, and were out of range be-

fore they could reach us. Had we been three minutes later I would hardly be writing to you now.

Though I was anxious to get to Wangtsun I met with further delay. The North River was running wild. At one of the rapids the boat-pullers slipped their bands and the boat went back, out of control, for five miles. Twice the waters rose rapidly and we could make little mileage, and one night we actually stopped far below the place from which we had started in the morning.

When I arrived here I was more concerned about the future than occupied with the thought of my former stay in Wangtsun, though many familiar sights and some familiar faces greeted me. Here is just what I am up against:

The house we occupy is a rented one, and our lease expires in June. The owner has us at his mercy, for his is the only available place in town, and if we extend the lease it must be for an entire year and at an increase in price.

When I was here over a year ago I made successful overtures to buy two adjoining properties. Any real



Etching from a photograph showing boatmen taking their meagre meal on a sampan plying the Yangtze River.



Pulling a sampan up the narrows of the Yangste River

estate deal in China means a heart ache and a head ache. Regulations from the Nanking government brought added difficulties. Acting on these regulations the magistrate at Yungshun, to whom we must refer all deeds, refused to allow the words "Perpetual Lease" to be written. His action, of course, made further negotiations useless for these words, "Perpetual Lease," form the treaty phrase under which the Catholic Church acquires property in China.

**I** HAVE succeeded in acquiring one of these properties, but the owner of the other has practically doubled his original price. He knows that I need his land. I shall try to bluff him. Between the two properties I intend to build a wall which will later prove serviceable.

At present I am having the stone foundation laid for the wall around the mission. I have purchased twelve thousand of the thin Chinese bricks, but before March I need one hundred thousand more. The wall will be over ten feet high and three hundred feet in length. The first building will eventually serve as the boys' school, but after its completion it will be divided temporarily into the chapel and the missionaries' quarters.

In accordance with the instructions sent out from Peiping by the Apostolic Delegate, the entire mission is to follow the lines of Chinese architecture. This adaption of the Chinese

style to mission buildings presents several problems. Among these is the matter of sufficient lighting. I have found that for the most part Chinese buildings are too dark when brick is used, or too flimsy when the work is done in wood. Permanence demands brick. So there is a real problem. I have a plan which has been approved, but which will require further changes and alterations.

**R**EADERS of The Sign are reminded that their spiritual and temporal wants are remembered in the prayers and sacrifices of our missionary priests and nuns in China. The only return they ask is a like remembrance of them and their works in the prayers and sacrifices of our readers.

Our new mission property is some distance from my present rented home. Now that the masons and carpenters are beginning work, it means that I shall have to take frequent trips to the new site to see that all goes well. With the ordinary routine of mission business, this building programme to be carried through, and three out-stations to attend I see that I shall have to plan my day carefully.

From all that I have written you will readily see the need I shall have for financial assistance. This work must go on because it means salvation to souls. The time is ripe for progress even though we labor in the midst of civil war, banditry, and constant danger to our lives. I do hope that many lovers of souls and friends of Christ Crucified will come to my aid. Every offering, large or small, will help buy bricks and pay for labor.

**T**O give you a general idea of what your donations will accomplish I give here some of the costs. Both materials and labor call for a much larger expenditure than they did a few years ago.

The bricks, for the entire mission establishment, will cost nearly \$4,000. The stone will run about another \$4,000, for it is all quarried by hand, without the use of powder. The wood will require \$3,000. The wages of carpenters and masons will amount to \$2,000. Add to this the price I have paid for property, and what I shall have to give for the much-needed adjoining site, and you will have an idea of the total costs. It will be three or four years, of course, before these plans can be carried out fully. At present there is not a single building on the property. The church, school, the catechumenates for men and for women, and the home for the missionary must all be built.

# Mostly About My Boys

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

**A** FEW weeks ago I was sent to take temporary charge of the Paotsing mission. Father Raphael Vance, C.P., who until recently was pastor here, established an orphanage during the famine of 1925. A few notes about some of the orphans may interest the readers of *THE SIGN*.

Among the boys are four brothers. The oldest is named Angel. The other three are named Gabriel, Raphael and Michael. Too bad there were not a few more boys in the family! We might have had a complete heavenly choir and all the archangels would have representatives in the Paotsing mission.

Then there is the boy called "Toby"—for short. Toby's family name, Lung, means dragon. But if pronounced in a different tone Lung means deaf. Toby's deafness seems to be a matter of convenience. Last week, for two or three days in succession, he did not know his catechism lesson. I told him that if he failed on the morrow he would have to go without breakfast the following day. When the morrow came he again did not know his lesson, and there was nothing left to do but give him the threatened penance. The following day, in the afternoon, Toby came to my room and said that he had not heard when I ordered, "No breakfast." He said that after he had eaten a hearty meal one of the other orphans told him about the penance. So he came to ask if he could, please, go without supper to make up for the breakfast he ate. Such a plea was, of course, irresistible and the penance was dispensed entirely. Sly little lad! Later on another lad told me that Toby had understood me perfectly, but that he considered it easier to go without a meal after school than before. So he used his deafness as an excuse to shift the penance from morning to evening, and now he gloried that his little ruse was successful. But it was with added loss of face that he finally did his penance.

Peter's name is Yang, but all the boys call him "Miao Wang." One time Father Raphael had to make the long journey from Hankow to Paotsing. He traveled, Chinese fashion, by chair; that is, he sat in a chair to which two long poles were fastened and three or four coolies carried him,

On this journey Father Raphael met a little beggar boy, talked to the lad, and found that he was homeless. The good missionary told the boy to come along, and that he would take care of him. But the lad was unable to walk the long distance. So part of the journey Father Raphael walked whilst the boy rode in his chair. When a beggar rides, say the Chinese, some great future must be in store for him. So ever since that day Yang has been called *Wang*—in English "King." It was the Miao people themselves who first gave Peter the



HELP!

name of King, saying that the missionary foresaw that the boy would some day be a king and therefore had him ride in his chair. The Miao people, to whom Peter belongs, are the aborigines of South China.

There is another boy amongst the orphans whose name is really King, but he certainly will never be a king. This lad, according to Chinese standards, was once fairly well to do. Some years ago a troop of bandits came to his house. They had previously had some trouble with the boy's father

(now dead) and they decided to wreak their vengeance on the family. It was their intention to kill Wang and they left him apparently dead. The boy recovered, but was horribly disfigured. There is an ugly scar from the top of his head across his left eye and cheek, and his right hand is badly maimed. The boy's mother escaped, fled to a different city, and there remarried. She herself thought the boy to be dead.

One of the finest lads in the orphanage—a boy who is almost fastidiously clean—is Sebastian. He works around the house, keeping it spotless. It is but rarely that he must be told to do a thing; but a few days ago I did have to repeat an order. Then he told me: "Father, I cannot face you. My face is getting red." Which is but a Chinese way of saying, "I beg your pardon." Sebastian is a half orphan. He was handed over to the mission when his father died. His mother left home; and he has had no word from her. His little sister Mary is also living in the mission. This little girl suffered a great deal during the famine, nearly starving to death. Even now, five years later, she shows the effects of it.

To some of the boys it seems the *Senn Fu* (so the Christians call the priest) is even greater than the Pope. The Pope may be infallible, but in the estimation of one Christian at least, the priest is impeccable. Last night the doctrine subject was the obligation of hearing Mass. I asked Vincent Tsu if it is a sin not to hear Mass on Sunday. He said, "It is." But I wanted to know if he knew the excusing causes, so I gave him the following example: "Some time ago on a certain Sunday, I did not say nor hear Mass. Did I commit a sin?" Of course, I did not tell him that I was sick at the time; I wanted him to ask whether I had any reason that would have excused me from hearing Mass. Vincent's prompt answer was: "The priest did not commit a sin, for priests cannot sin."

**T**HEN there is Joseph who is blind. His parents are dead and the only known relative is an older brother. After he had been in the mission but a few days he ran off to "see" his brother. When he returned to the mission he did not like the custom of



having regular meals at stated times. He had been a beggar and was accustomed to eat a little at a time, when he had begged scraps of food. So he ran away again. That day he collected no alms on the street, and hunger soon brought him back to the mission. It did not take him long, after that experience, to get used to the idea of regular meals. He is always the first one on hand now. Nor does he need anyone to lead him to church or dining room or bed. He finds his way alone to any part of the mission. In the church he leads the prayers. He now earns his own living by making enough straw sandals each day to pay for his food.

**I**N the orphanage is a boy called Isaac. Once in a while Isaac goes to visit his grandmother. He rarely comes back alone, but nearly always induces one or two orphan boys to come back with him. Had he his own way, the mission would soon be filled with his own friends. In the last two years Isaac brought in three or four other lads. Two of them are now baptized.

During the Presidential campaign, a friend of Father Raphael sent a donation for a Chinese baby boy. The donor specified the name to be given to the rescued waif. Now we have running around this mission an eight year old boy with the grand name of ALFRED EMANUEL SMITH ZEN!

And here is an item that has nothing at all to do with what precedes, except that it will give the readers of

THE SIGN an idea how hard it is at times for us to write articles or letters. All day long a terrible racket has been going on near this mission. I can hardly hear myself typewriting. It seems that a certain mother-in-law who lives across the street from this mission, had a fight with her daughter-in-law. The bout was only a verbal one. Still the daughter-in-law took it so much to heart that she swallowed an overdose of opium. When I was told about the matter I went at once to see the girl. Nothing could be done. She was unconscious and near death. About an hour ago I was told that she had died. Vociferous mourners, who vie with one another to see who can make the most noise, and curious people who loudly voice their opinions for the world to hear, crowd the house. There is general pandemonium. Now the mother-in-law threatens to kill herself to avenge the death of her daughter-in-law. In the midst of it all, the husband seems the least perturbed.

Just now the mail came in. A good friend sent me a clipping from the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. The clipping says that fear is expressed over Fathers Francis Flaherty and Nicholas Schneiders, and that they may be among the fifteen or twenty Americans who were trapped by bandits in the city of Kanchow, China. No, thank God, neither Father Francis nor myself had the unpleasant experience of falling into the hands of bandits. Nor are we anxious for the

thrill. The unpleasant experience I had some time ago, and of which I wrote in my last letter to THE SIGN readers, gave me all the thrill I wanted—and more!

God is good! Whilst most missions are harassed by bandits and civil war, by communists and famine, the portion of Hunan entrusted to us remains comparatively peaceful. It is true that only a few weeks ago the capital of this province, Changsha, was captured by communists, the city burned and about two thousand people killed. But Changsha is several days travel from our nearest mission, and the troubles in that city did not affect us directly. It is true that Bolshevism seems to be getting a stronger hold on China daily. Now that the civil war seems to be drawing to a close, and the present government victorious, a Bolshevik and bandit-suppression campaign may be effectively worked out.

**I**T is due, no doubt, to our good friends back home who earnestly and frequently remember us in their prayers that we have been spared so long. We fervently beg you to continue the good work of keeping us in your prayers. Were it not for your prayers and your material sacrifices our work for the cause of Christ in China would soon come to an end. The Lord has so arranged matters that the growth of the Catholic religion amongst the poor, benighted people of this land depends, in a large measure on you.



A wayside restaurant in the Passionist Mission District in China.

# Gemma's League of Prayer

**G**EMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

**THE OBJECT:** To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

**THE METHOD:** No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

**MEMBERSHIP:** The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. The "Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

**OBLIGATIONS:** It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the



GEMMA GALGANI

missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

**THE REWARD:** One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

**THE PATRON:** Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

**HEADQUARTERS:** All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

## SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

Masses Said	22
Masses Heard	21,491
Holy Communion	17,784
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	38,570
Spiritual Communion	48,953
Benediction Services	7,970
Sacrifices, Sufferings	40,114
Stations of the Cross	45,550
Visits to the Crucifix	27,635
Beads of the Five Wounds	7,632
Offerings of Precious Blood	145,515
Visits to Our Lady	32,222
Rosaries	25,708
Beads of the Seven Dolors	7,794
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,182,001
Hours of Study, Reading	29,833
Hours of Labors	61,331
Acts of Kindness, Charity	37,412
Acts of Zeal	134,388
Prayers, Devotions	458,881
Hours of Silence	115,882
Various Works	79,860
Holy Hours	237

## "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

**K**INDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MRS. JOHN BRENNAN  
MICHAEL G. MADDEN  
MARY COX  
ALEX C. O'DONOGHUE  
MARY MEYER  
FRANCES R. FLYNN  
JAMES F. McINERNEY  
THOMAS R. SULLIVAN  
MRS. A. B. GEARY  
EDWARD SAMPLE  
JOSEPH S. CORLISS  
MRS. THOMAS HARTNETT  
HELEN WESTON  
MARTIN BOURNE  
NELLIE THERESA LEE  
ANNA M. LYNCH  
MICHAEL CUSHING  
JOSEPH DREXELINS  
LOUISE G. CALLAHAN  
THOMAS J. FORSCHUER  
CHARLES F. HEISER  
CATHERINE V. O'BRIEN  
ANNA F. SULLIVAN  
MARGARET L. MURPHY

MRS. M. MAGUIRE  
CHARLES P. HEIL  
CATHERINE BRADY  
MRS. F. J. FAULKNER  
ELLEN McLAUGHLIN  
ANNE HICKEY  
MARGARET MORRISSEY  
MARY MCCARTHY  
CORNELIUS J. CURTIN  
ISABELLA PIES  
KATIE L. THOMPSON  
DANIEL NEUMAYER  
MRS. E. J. BARIL  
ELLA T. DEAGEN  
MARIE GUTHRIE  
ANDREW SULLIVAN  
MARGARET SMITH  
OWEN L. REYNOLDS  
MATTHEW COMMINGS  
JOSEPH RILEY  
MICHAEL KEALY  
WILLIAM HEALY  
JOHN HEALY  
GEORGE WURSTER  
FRANCES HOPKINS  
ELLEN WALSH  
FREDERICA C. KERSTEN  
MRS. TAYLOR  
ROBERT W. DEISEROTH  
LOUIS M. ROBICHEAU  
FRANCES NEPIVODA  
AGNES HOWARD  
MARGARET FORD

CECELIA McSHERRY  
MARY KANE  
AGNES V. CONNOLLY  
EDWARD J. SCULLY  
GUSTAVE DAUPHIN  
ADA S. TEN EYCK  
JOHN MULLEN  
MARGARET McGARRY  
CATHERINE A. DOYLE  
LILLIAN C. ENGASSER  
WILLIAM KRIMM  
AUGUST FRECHTL  
JOSEPH MURPHY  
MARY CROSSIN  
CHARLOTTE C. BOVERS  
TERRENCE CLANCEY  
RUTH RONALTER  
MRS. P. W. IMHOF  
JULIA McMANUS  
KATHERINE E. De BALAINE  
MARY A. COAKLEY  
MICHAEL WHALEN  
EUGENE A. COUTOIS  
JOSEPH ASCHERL  
MRS. BART CARTER  
SUSAN McCULLAGH  
BEATRICE G. BERNARD  
MARY E. McCAULEY  
THOMAS O'DWYER  
BRIDGET LAVELLE  
JOHN J. KENNEDY  
CATHERINE MULLINS  
JOHN J. DUGAN

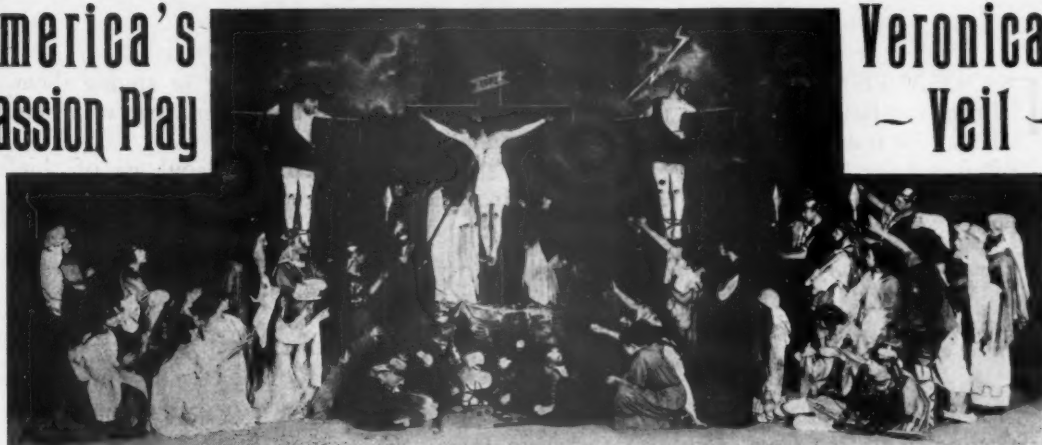
CHARLES COMEAU  
MRS. T. J. JONES  
MARY E. HUNT  
ELLEN J. MURPHY  
PATRICK GALLAGHER  
MARCO TASSI  
KATHERINE SKINKWIN  
ALICE KEENAN  
M. VICTORIA GESSELL  
MARGARET QUINLAN  
ERNEST COTE  
MR. COLGAN  
MARY E. SCHNEIDER  
NELLIE TRAYNOR  
MARY CONNOLLY  
MATTHEW FLYNN  
PATRICK J. BRENNAN  
MARY McSWEENEY  
CHARLES G. KELLY  
THOMAS HENNESSEY

**M**AY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

# America's Passion Play

# Veronica's ~ Veil ~



The Seventeenth Season: February 22 to April 1

**"V**ERONICA'S VEIL" is a spoken drama which realistically portrays the Sacred Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the beginnings of Christianity. It is not a moving picture nor a series of tableaux. The impersonation of Christ dominates the performance. The play has a spiritual value that impresses the spectators with the transcendent meaning of Christ's redemption and the heroism of His first followers.

Seats may be reserved at the Passion Play Office, by telephone or letter. Cash, check or money order, payable to St. Joseph's Church, should be sent with all mail requests. Seats ordered by telephone will be held for **Forty-eight Hours Only**. Write to: "Veronica's Veil," 269 Central Avenue, Union City, N. J.; or telephone Palisade 6-9800.

Prices of seats—**Sunday Matinees: \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday Evenings: 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50.** Tickets on sale from 9.00 A. M. to 9.00 P. M. daily.

## DATES OF PERFORMANCES

Sun. Aft. ....	Feb. 22	Sun. Aft. ....	Mar. 15
Sun. Eve. ....	Feb. 22	Sun. Eve. ....	Mar. 15
Tues. Eve. ....	Feb. 24	Tues. Eve. ....	Mar. 17
Thurs. Eve. ....	Feb. 26	Thurs. Eve. ....	Mar. 19
Sun. Aft. ....	Mar. 1	Sun. Aft. ....	Mar. 22
Sun. Eve. ....	Mar. 1	Sun. Eve. ....	Mar. 22
Tues. Eve. ....	Mar. 3	Tues. Eve. ....	Mar. 24
Thurs. Eve. ....	Mar. 5	Thurs. Eve. ....	Mar. 26
Sun. Aft. ....	Mar. 8	Sun. Aft. ....	Mar. 29
Sun. Eve. ....	Mar. 8	Sun. Eve. ....	Mar. 29
Tues. Eve. ....	Mar. 10	Tues. Eve. ....	Mar. 31
Thurs. Eve. ....	Mar. 12	Wed. Eve. ....	Apr. 1

## CHILDREN'S PERFORMANCES

Sun. Aft. ....	Feb. 1	Sun. Aft. ....	Feb. 15
Sat. Aft. ....	Feb. 7	Sat. Aft. ....	Feb. 21
Sun. Aft. ....	Feb. 8	Sat. Aft. ....	Feb. 28
Sat. Aft. ....	Feb. 14	Sat. Aft. ....	Mar. 7

CHILDREN'S TICKETS 25c

## PERFORMANCES:

Every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday Evenings at 8.15 o'clock, and every Sunday Matinee at 2.30 o'clock during Lent.

## ST. JOSEPH'S AUDITORIUM

CENTRAL AVENUE & FOURTEENTH STREET

Telephone PALISADE 6-9800

UNION CITY, N. J.

## HOW TO GET TO UNION CITY

Look for the Red Electric Cross!

**From Up-town New York, Pennsylvania and Grand Central Stations:** Go to Hudson Tubes, 33rd and Broadway, take train to Journal Square; then Boulevard bus going north to Fourteenth Street.

**From Long Island, Brooklyn, Staten Island and Down-town New York:** Go to Hudson Terminal (Cortland Street), take tube train to Journal Square; then bus to Fourteenth Street.

**From Newark, Elizabeth and Points South:** Take train at Hudson Tubes, at Newark, to Journal Square; then bus going north to Fourteenth Street.

**From Paterson, Passaic and Rutherford:** Take Hoboken trolley; transfer to Summit Avenue car going north to Fourteenth Street.

**AUTOMOBILE ROUTE—From New York and Brooklyn:** Take Lackawanna ferry, foot of West 23rd Street, New York, to 14th Street, Hoboken, then up Viaduct to 16th Street to St. Joseph's Auditorium.

**By New Holland Vehicular Tunnel:** Follow traffic signs to Hudson Boulevard, thence northerly to Fourteenth Street, Union City.

**From Pennsylvania, Southern and Western New Jersey:** Take Lincoln Highway to Hudson Boulevard to Fourteenth Street, to Auditorium. Look for electric sign on Boulevard at Fourteenth Street.

## SPECIAL SERVICE:

During the production of "Veronica's Veil," special cars marked Summit Avenue run from Lackawanna Station, Hoboken, to Fourteenth Street, Union City. Special buses marked No. 20 at 14th Street, Hoboken, connecting with ferries from 23rd Street, New York, run direct to Fourteenth Street and Summit Avenue. Walk one block to right. No. 20 buses also connecting with ferries from 42nd Street, New York, run direct to Summit Avenue and Fourteenth Street. One block left to auditorium. Special cars and buses leave auditorium for Hudson Terminal, Journal Square and 14th Street, Hoboken, after every performance.



## WHO WILL DIE TONIGHT?

**T**HOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

## LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

*I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of ..... (\$ ..... ) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within ..... months after my demise.*


*In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this ..... day of ....., 19 .....*

*Signed .....*  
*Witness .....*  
*Witness .....*  
*Witness .....*

## Painless Giving

**A** GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,  
 THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

 Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.







# For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

**1** **R**EADERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

## MISSION NEEDS

**2** **N**OT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

## STUDENT BURSES

**3** **I**T HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of . . . . . (\$ . . . . . ) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

## YOUR LAST WILL

**Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:  
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.**

# Where Put Your Money?

Get a Life Income  
Help Christ's Cause

You can't take it with you!



Will you hoard or spend it!  
Give it away or make a Will!

# 6 to 9%

## Why not buy Life Annuities?

### What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

### What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

### What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

### What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

### When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

### When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

### If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

### What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

**Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.**

### Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

### Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

### How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

### What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

### What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

### What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **Permanence:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **Abundant Yield:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **Security:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **Freedom from Worry:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age, are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **Economy:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **Steady Income:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **Contribution to the Cause of Christ:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For further information write to

**PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,**  
Care of THE SIGN,  
**UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.**

